A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS, FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS, ADAPTED TO THE SERVICE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

IT IS GOOD TO SING PRAISES UNTO OUR GOD.
Psalm cxlvii. 1.

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GENERAL CONTENTS

Extracted from the Ordination-Office.

1 COME Holy Ghost, our ſouls inſpire,
And lighten with celeſtial fire.
Thou the anointing ſpirit art,
Who doſt thy ſev'n-fold gifts impart.
Thy bleſſed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dulneſs of our blinded ſight.
Anoint and chear our ſoiled face,
With the abundance of thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home!
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of both to be but one;
That through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endleſs ſong;

2 Praiſe God, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all creatures here below:
Praiſe him above ye heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

Trinity Sundays
11———— 127, 235, Pſa. 51.
12———— Pſa 87, 192,
13———— 165, 258.
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25———— 214, 245, 218, 279.

N. B. For intermediate days, conſult the index at the cloſe of the book.

ERRATA.

Page 25. divnie, read divine. P. 91. THE, r. THEE. P. 91, dimits, r. dimittis. P. 332, ſurve, r. ſurvey.

Extracted

AN
ARRANGEMENT
OF SELECT
PSALMS AND HYMNS,
According to the SUNDAYS, &c.
THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Where the ſubject of the day is determinate, the ſelection is made accordingly; in other caſes it is generally adapted to the Epiſtle and Goſpel for the day.

TE DEUM, venite &c. Page 91. &c.

ADVENT Sundays.

1 —— 99, Pſa. 40, 6.
2 —— 394, Pſa 97.
3 —— 212, 104.
4 —— Pſa. 98, 93, 216.

Chriſtmas day, 96, 168, 219,
1 Sunday after Chriſtmas, 176, 184, 191.
Circumciſion, 106, Pſa. 32.
Epiphany, 108.

PSALM II.

Chriſt exalted to the Kingdom.

1 JESUS, the LORD, aſcended high,
Aſſumes his regal ſeat;
While all the armies of the ſky
Lie proſtrate at his feet.

2 There ſhall he lift his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall ſtrike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppoſe his reign.

3 What wonders ſhall his goſpel do!
His converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own his ſovereign grace.

4 Be wiſe, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed LORD;
Adore the king of heavenly birth,
And tremble at his word.

5 With humble love addreſs his throne,
For if he frown ye die;
Thoſe are ſecure, and thoſe alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM III.

1 O GOD, how endleſs is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;

And

And morning mercies from above,
Gently diſtil like early dew.

2 Thou ſpread'ſt the curtain of the night,
Great guardian of our ſleeping hours;
Thy ſov'reign word reſtores the light,
And quickens all our drowſy pow'rs.

3 Lord, may we yield to thy command,
To thee ſtill conſecrate our days!
Perpetual bleſſings from thine hand
Demand perpetual ſongs of praiſe:

PSALM IV.

The Chief Good.

1 IN vain the erring world enquires
For ſome ſubſtantial good;
While earth confines their low deſires,
They live on airy food.

2 Illuſive dreams of happineſs
Their eager thoughts employ:
They wake, convinc'd their boaſted bliſs
Was viſionary joy.

4 Be gone, ye gilded vanities;
I ſeek ſome ſolid good;
To real bliſs my wiſhes riſe,
The favor of my God.

4 Immortal joy, thy ſmiles impart,
Heaven dawns in every ray;

One glimpſe of thee will cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.

5 Not all the good, which earth beſtows,
Can fill the craving mind;
Its higheſt joys have mingled woes,
And leave a ſting behind.

6 Should boundleſs wealth increaſe my ſtore,
Can wealth my cares beguile?
I ſhould be wretched ſtill, and poor
Without thy bliſsful ſmile.

7 Grant, O my GOD, this one requeſt:
Oh, be thy love alone,
My ample portion—here I reſt,
For heav'n is in the boon.

PSALM V.

1 O LORD! incline thy gracious ear,
My plaintive ſorrow weigh!
To thee for ſuccour I draw near,
To thee I humbly pray.
Still will I call with lifted eyes,
"Come, O my GOD, and King,"
'Till thou regard my ceaſeleſs cries,
And full deliv'rance bring.

2 On thee, O GOD of purity,
I wait for cleanſing grace;
None without holineſs ſhall ſee
The glories of thy face:

In

In ſouls unholy and unclean
Thou never canſt delight;
Nor ſhall they, if unſav'd from ſin,
Appear before thy ſight.

3 But as for me with humble fear,
I will approach thy gate,
Tho' moſt unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait:
I truſt in thine unbounded grace
Which is ſo freely giv'n,
And worſhip in thine holy place,
And lift my ſoul to heav'n.

4 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
Nor ſuffer me to ſlide;
Point out the path before my face;
My God, be thou my guide!
O may I ne'er to evil yield,
Defended from above,
And kept, and cover'd with the ſhield
Of thine almighty love.

PSALM VIII.

1 O Lord, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are ſpread,
And o'er the heav'ns they ſhine.

2 When to thy works on high,
I raiſe my wond'ring eyes,

And ſee the moon complete in light,
Adorn the darkſome ſkies:

3 When I ſurvey the ſtars,
And all their ſhining forms;
LORD, what is man! that worthleſs thing,
A-kin to duſt and worms?

4 LORD, what is worthleſs man!
That thou ſhouldſt love him ſo?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beaſts like ſlaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fiſh that cleave the ſea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy ways:
Of duſt and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praiſe.

7 [Out of the mouths of babes
And ſucklings, thou canſt draw
Surpriſing honours to thy name,
And ſtrike the world with awe.

8 O LORD, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are ſpread,
And o'er the heav'ns they ſhine.]

PSALM

PSALM XVII.

The ſinner's portion and ſaint's hope:

1 LORD, I am thine: but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of ſpite againſt me join,
They are the ſword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happineſs they know,
'Tis all they ſeek: they take their ſhares,
And leave the reſt among their heirs.

3 What ſinners value, I reſign;
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful face,
And ſtand complete in righteouſneſs.

4 This life's a dream, an empty ſhow;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O bleſt abode!
I ſhall be near, and like my GOD!
And fleſh and ſin no more controul
The ſacred pleaſures of the ſoul.

6 My fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the ground,
'Till the laſt trumpet's joyful ſound:
Then burſt the chains with ſweet ſurpriſe,
And in my SAVIOUR's image riſe.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c.

Rejoicing in GOD, or *ſalvation and triumph.*

1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great rock of my ſecure abode:
Who is a GOD beſide the LORD?
Or where's a refuge like our GOD?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy ſword to wield:
And while with ſin and hell I fight,
Spreads his ſalvation for my ſhield.

3 He lives (and bleſſed be my rock!)
The GOD of my ſalvation lives;
The dark deſigns of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 To *David* and his royal ſeed
Thy grace for ever ſhall extend:
Thy love to ſaints in CHRIST their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

THE SAME, 46. ver.

God all in all.

1 THE great JEHOVAH reigns
Upon a throne ſublime;
And from his own eternity
Ordains the waſtes of time.

2 This great JEHOVAH's mine,
The ſaint in rapture cries;

And

And to this everlaſting Rock
My joyful ſpirit flies.

3 From this immortal ſpring
Immenſe ſalvation flows;
And with the wonders of his love
My grateful boſom glows.

4 His name ſhall be my ſong
While life and breath are giv'n;
And his unceaſing praiſe ſhall run
Thro' all the days of heav'n.

PSALM XIX.

1 THE ſpacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal ſky,
And ſpangled heav'ns, a ſhining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied ſun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the ev'ning ſhades prevail,
The moon takes np the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning earth
Repeats the ſtory of her birth:
Whilſt all the ſtars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in ſolemn ſilence all
Move round the dark terreſtrial ball?
What though nor real voice nor ſound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In reaſon's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

The Same, 7. and 8. ver.

1 I Love the volumes of thy word:
What light and joy thoſe leaves afford
To ſouls benighted and diſtreſt!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to ſtray,
Thy promiſe leads my heart to reſt.

2 From the diſcov'ries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw:
Theſe are my ſtudy and delight;
Not honey ſo invites the taſte;
Nor gold that hath the furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the ſight.

3 Thy threatnings wake my ſlumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed goſpel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conſcience clean,
Converts my ſoul, ſubdues my ſin,
And gives a free but large reward.

Who

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My GOD, forgive my ſecret faults,
And from preſumptuous ſins reſtrain:
Accept my poor attempts of praiſe,
O may I read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

PSALM XX.

Prayer and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

1 NOW may the GOD of pow'r and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
JEHOVAH hears when *Iſr'el* prays,
And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2 The name of *Jacob*'s GOD defends,
Better than ſhields or braſen walls;
He from his ſanctuary ſends
Succour and ſtrength, when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our ſighs,
His love exceeds our beſt deſerts;
His love accepts the ſacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his ſalvation is our hope,
And in the name of *Iſr'el*'s GOD,
Our troops ſhall lift their banners up,
Our navies ſpread their flags abroad.

5 Some

5 Some truſt in horſes train'd for war,
And ſome of chariots make their boaſts;
Our ſureſt expectations are
From thee, the LORD of heav'nly hoſts.

6 [O! may the mem'ry of thy name
Inſpire our armies for the fight!
Our foes ſhall fall and die with ſhame,
Or quit the field with ſhameful flight.]

7 Now ſave us, LORD, from ſlaviſh fear;
Now let our hope be firm and ſtrong,
'Till thy ſalvation ſhall appear,
And joy and triumph raiſe the ſong.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE LORD my paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a ſhepherd's care;
His preſence ſhall my wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the ſultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirſty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering ſteps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant landſkip flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overſpread,

My

My ſtedfaſt heart ſhall fear no ill,
For thou, O LORD, art with me ſtill:
Thy friendly crook ſhall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful ſhade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I ſtray,
Thy bounty ſhall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And ſtreams ſhall murmur all around.

PSALM XXIV. 7.

Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates, and be ye lift up, ye Everlaſting Doors, &c.

1 OUR LORD is riſen from the dead,
Our JESUS is gone up on high,
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the ſky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the ſolemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlaſting doors, give way!

3 Looſe all your bars of maſſy light,
And wide unfold th' etherial ſcene;
He claims theſe manſions as his right,
Receive the king of glory in!

4 Who is the king of glory, who?
The LORD, who all his foes o'ercame,

The world, ſin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And JESUS is the conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the ſolemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Ye everlaſting doors, give way!

6 Who is the king of glory, who?
The LORD of glorious pow'r poſſeſt,
The king of ſaints and angels too,
GOD over all, for ever bleſt!

PSALM XXV. ver. 12, 14, 10, 13.

1 WHERE ſhall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his GOD;
That loves the goſpel's joyful ſound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The LORD ſhall make him know
The ſecrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant ſhow,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy ſtill,
With ſuch as to his cov'nant ſtand,
And love to do his will.

4 Their ſouls ſhall dwell at eaſe
Before their Maker's face,
Their ſeed ſhall taſte the promiſes,
In their extenſive grace.

PSALM

PSALM XXVII.

Delight in GOD's *Houſe and Confidence in him.*

1 THOU, LORD, my ſafety, thou my light,
What danger ſhall my ſoul affright?
Strength of my life! what arm ſhall dare
To hurt whom thou haſt own'd thy care?

2 One wiſh, with holy tranſport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet ſhall form;
One gift I aſk; that to my end
Fair *Sion*'s dome I may attend;

3 There joyful find a ſure abode,
And view the beauty of my GOD;
For he within his hallowed ſhrine
My ſecret refuge ſhall aſſign.

4 When thou with condeſcending grace,
Haſt bid me ſeek thy ſhining face,
My heart reply'd to thy kind word,
Thee will I ſeek, all gracious LORD.

5 Should every earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart;
My GOD, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.

6 Ye humble ſouls, in every ſtrait
On GOD with ſacred courage wait;
His hand ſhall life and ſtrength afford,
O ever wait upon the LORD.

PSALM XXIX.

Thunder and Lightening.

1 SING, ye ſons of might, O ſing,
Praiſe to heaven's eternal king;
Power and ſtrength to him aſſign,
Bow before his hallow'd ſhrine!

2 Hark! his voice in thunder breaks;—
Huſh'd to ſilence while he ſpeaks,
Ocean's waves, from pole to pole,
Hear the awful accents roll.

3 See, as louder yet they riſe,
Echoing through the vaulted ſkies;
See, uprooted from its ſeat,
Lebanon itſelf retreat!

4 How the burſting clouds give way,
And the vivid lightnings play!
Now the wilds, by man untrod,
Hear, diſmay'd, th' approaching GOD.

5 Proſtrate on the ſacred floor,
Bow ye ſaints, his name adore:
While his acts, to every tongue,
Yield its argument of ſong.

6 He the ſwelling ſurge commands,
Fix'd his throne for ever ſtands;
He his people ſhall increaſe,
Arm with ſtrength, and bleſs with peace.

PSALM

PSALM XXXII.

1 BLEST is the man, for ever bleſs'd
Whoſe guilt is pardon'd by his GOD,
Whoſe ſins with ſorrow are confeſs'd,
And cover'd with his SAVIOUR's blood.

2 Bleſt is the man to whom the LORD
Imputes not his iniquities;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free;
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith ſincere.

4 How glorious is that righteouſneſs
That hides and cancels all his ſins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Thro' his whole life appears and ſhines.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 THROUGH all the changing ſcenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praiſes of my GOD ſhall ſtill
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boaſt,
Till all that are diſtreſt
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to reſt.

3 O magnify the LORD with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in diſtreſs to him I call'd,
He to my reſcue came.

4 The hoſts of GOD encamp around
The dwellings of the juſt;
Deliv'rance he affords to all,
Who on his ſuccour truſt.

5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How bleſs'd they are, and only they,
Who on his truth confide.

6 Fear HIM, ye ſaints, and you will then
Have nothing elſe to fear;
Make you his ſervice your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 FRET not thy anxious heart,
Nor ſink thy ſpirits down,
Soon like mown graſs before the ſcythe
Shall every foe be gone.

2 Put thou thy truſt in GOD,
In duty's path go on:
Fix on his work thy ſtedfaſt eye,
So ſhall thy work be done.

3 Delight thou in the LORD
And to his glory live;

Then

Then all thy heart can e'er desire
God will most richly give.—

4 Commit thou all thy grief,
And ways into his hands;
To his sure truth, and tender care,
Who earth and heav'n commands.

5 Give to the winds thy fears
Hope and be undismay'd:
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

6 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

7 What tho' thou rulest not?
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell
Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well!

8 Leave to his sov'reign sway
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wondring own his way
How wise, how strong his hand.

9 Far, far, above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caus'd thy needless fear.

10 O! may we while we live
These bleſſed truths declare!
Then publiſh with our dying breath
GOD's *wiſdom love* and *care*!

PSALM XL. 1—5.

Truſt in GOD.

1 WITH patient hope my GOD I ſought;
He, far beyond my utmoſt thought,
His ſaving help apply'd:
He, from the dark and miry pit,
High on the rock has rais'd my feet,
Nor fear my ſteps to ſlide.

2 His praiſe inſpires my grateful tongue,
And dictates to my lips a ſong,
In ſtrains unheard before:
Admiring crouds his work ſhall ſee,
Their ſtrength on him repoſe with me,
With me his name adore.

3 Bleſs'd, who in thee, great GOD, confide,
Nor madly truſt the arm of pride,
And helps that but betray:
Thy mercies, LORD, all praiſe ſurmount,
Nor numbers can their ſum recount,
Nor words their worth diſplay.

PSALM XL. 6.

A Song of Praiſe to the Redeemer.

1 HOLY wonder, heavenly grace,
Come, inſpire our humble lays,

While

While the SAVIOUR's love we ſing,
Whence our hopes and comforts ſpring.

2 Man, involv'd in guilt and woe,
Touch'd his tender boſom ſo,
That, when juſtice death demands,
Forth the great deliverer ſtands;

3 Cries to GOD, "thy mercy ſhew,
"Lo! I come thy will to do;
"I the ſacrifice will be,
"Death ſhall plunge his dart in me."

4 Tho' the form of GOD he bore,
Great in glory, great in pow'r,
See him in our fleſh array'd,
Lower than his angels made.

PSALM XLII.

1 WHY thus caſt down my ſoul?
Why doſt thou yeild to fear?
And ponder o'er the ſcrole
Of guilt and darkneſs here?
Shake off thy grief, and ſoar above,
There's ſure relief in ſov'reign love.

2 Why do I thus complain
And bow my drooping head?
Chear up my ſoul again
Thy SAVIOUR is not fled;
JESUS thy LORD is ſtill the ſame;
Believe his word, and truſt his name.

3 What, tho' he hides his face
Nor doth one ſmile afford,
Thou yet may'ſt plead his grace
And venture on his word.
Still all thy truſt on him repoſe,
And own him juſt in all thy woes.

4 Why theſe diſtreſſing thoughts?
Why theſe diſtracting cares?
GOD will forgive thy faults,
And wipe away thy tears.
Then humbly bow beneath the rod;
But ſtill *delight* and *hope* in GOD.

PSALM XLV.

Efficacious Grace.

1 HAIL! mighty JESUS; how divine
Is thy victorious ſword!
The ſtouteſt rebel muſt reſign,
At thy commanding word.

2 Deep are the wounds thy arrows give;
They pierce the hardeſt heart:
Thy ſmiles of grace the ſlain revive,
And joy ſucceeds to ſmart.

3 Still gird thy ſword upon thy thigh,
Ride with majeſtic ſway:
Go forth, ſweet prince, triumphantly,
And make thy foes obey.

4 And

4 And, when thy victories are complete;
When all the choſen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To ſing thy conquering grace.

5 O may my humble ſoul be found
Among that favor'd band!
And I, with them, thy praiſe will ſound
Throughout IMMANUEL's land.

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD, the omnipreſent GOD,
Our ſtrength and refuge ſtands;
Mighty to ſupport our load,
And bear us in his hands;
Readieſt when we need him moſt,
When to him diſtreſs'd we cry;
All who on his mercy truſt
Shall find deliv'rance nigh.

2 Let earth's inmoſt centre quake,
And ſhatter'd nature mourn;
Let th' unweildy mountain ſhake,
And fall, by ſtorms uptorn;
Fall, with all their trembling load,
Far into the ocean hurl'd:
Lo! we ſtand ſecure in GOD,
Amidſt a ruin'd world!

3 From the throne of GOD there ſprings
A pure, a cryſtal ſtream;
Life, and peace, and joy it brings
To his *Jeruſalem*:

Rivers

Rivers of refreſhing grace
Through the ſacred city flow,
Watering all the hallow'd place
Where GOD reſides below.

4 GOD, moſt merciful, moſt high,
Doth in his *Sion* dwell;
Kept by him, her tow'rs defy
The ſtrength of earth and hell:
Built on her o'erſhadowing rock,
Who ſhall her foundation move?
Who her great defender ſhock,
Th' almighty GOD of love?

5 All that on this rock are ſtay'd,
The world aſſaults in vain;
Ever preſent with his aid,
He ſhall his own ſuſtain:
Guardian of the choſen race,
JESUS doth his Church defend;
Saves them by his timely grace,
And ſaves them to the end.

6 For his people in diſtreſs
The GOD of *Jacob* ſtands;
Bears us, 'till our troubles ceaſe,
In his almighty hands:
He for us his pow'r hath ſhewn,
He doth ſtill our refuge proves;
Loves the LORD of hoſts his own,
And will for ever love.

PSALM XLVII.

CHRIST's *Aſcenſion.*

1 CLAP your hands, ye people all,
Praiſe the GOD on whom ye call;
Lift your voice, and ſhout his praiſe,
Triumph in his ſovereign grace.

2 JESUS is gone up on high,
Takes his ſeat above the ſky;
Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
Echoing to the trump of GOD!

3 Sons of men, the triumph join,
Praiſe him with the hoſts divnie;
Emulate the heav'nly pow'rs,
Their victorious LORD is ours.

4 Shout the GOD enthron'd above,
Trumpet forth his conqu'ring love;
Praiſes to our JESUS ſing,
Praiſes to our glorious king!

5 Pow'r is all to JESUS giv'n,
Pow'r o'er hell, and earth, and heav'n;
JESUS power to us impart,
Then we'll praiſe with all our heart.

PSALM XLVIII. ver. 1—8.

The church is the honour and ſafety of a nation.

1 [GREAT is the LORD our GOD,
And let his praiſe be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His moſt delightful ſeat.

2 Theſe temples of his grace,
How beautiful they ſtand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

3 Let ſtrangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compaſs and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well:

4 The orders of thy houſe,
The worſhip of thy court,
The cheerful ſongs, the ſolemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 In SION GOD is known,
A refuge in diſtreſs:
How bright hath his ſalvation ſhone
Through all her palaces!

6 In ev'ry new diſtreſs,
We'll to his houſe repair;
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,
And ſeek deliv'rance there.

PSALM

PSALM LI. First Part.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1 SHEW pity, LORD! O LORD, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a ſinner truſt in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't ſurpaſs
The pow'r and glory of thy grace:
Great GOD! thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O, waſh my ſoul from ev'ry ſin,
And make my guilty conſcience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And paſt offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with ſhame my ſins confeſs,
Againſt thy law, againſt thy grace;
LORD, ſhould thy judgment grow ſevere,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should ſudden vengeance ſeize my breath,
I muſt pronounce thee juſt in death;
And if my ſoul were ſent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet ſave a trembling ſinner, LORD,
Whoſe hope, ſtill hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on ſome ſweet promiſe there,
Some ſure ſupport againſt deſpair.

PSALM LI. Second Part.

Original and actual sin confessed.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

3 Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 JESUS, our GOD! thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
LORD! may we hear thy pard'ning voice
And let our down-cast hearts rejoice!

PSALM LXIII.

1 O GOD my GOD my all thou art,
E'er shines the dawn of rising day;
Thy Sov'reign light within my heart,
Thine all enliv'ning power display.

2 In a dry land, behold I place
My whole desire on thee O LORD,

Yea

Yea; more I joy to gain thy grace
Then all earth's treaſures can afford!

3 O LORD, within thy ſacred gates,
Where I ſo oft have ſought for thee;
Again my longing ſpirits wait,
That fulneſs of delight to ſee.

4 More dear than life itſelf thy love,
My heart and tongue ſhall ſtill employ:
Thy love to ſing, thy grace to prove,
Be this my glory, peace, and joy!

PART II.

1 IN bleſſing thee with thankful ſongs,
My happy life ſhall glide away:
The praiſe that to thy name belongs,
Daily with lifted hands I pay.

2 Abundant ſweetneſs, while I ſing
Thy love, my favor'd ſoul o'erflows,
Secure in thee, my God, my king,
Of glory that no period knows.

3 Beneath thy ſmiles O may I live!
In thee, on earth a heav'n poſſeſs'd;
Praiſe to thy name for grace receiv'd!
To thy rich love I truſt the reſt.

PSALM LXV.

1 FOR thee O GOD our conſtant praiſe
In Zion wait thy choſen ſeat;

Our promiſed altars there we raiſe,
And all our zealous vows compleat.

2 O thou who to my humble prayer
Didſt always lend a gracious ear,
To thee ſhall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our ſins tho' numberleſs in vain
To ſtop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlookeſt the guilty ſtain
And waſheſt out the crimſon dye.

4 Bleſt is the man, who near thee plac'd
Within thy ſacred dwelling lives!
Whilſt we, at humbler diſtance, taſte
The vaſt delights thy temple gives.

PSALM LXVII.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen race,
In mercy, LORD. incline;
And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face
On all thy ſaints to ſhine:

That ſo thy wond'rous ways
May through the world be known;
While diſtant lands their tribute pay,
And thy ſalvation own.

3 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame:
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praiſe thy glorious name.

4 O let

4 O let them ſhout and ſing,
Diſſolv'd in holy mirth:
For thou, the righteous judge and king,
Doſt govern all the earth.

5 Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame:
Let all the world, O LORD, combine
To praiſe thy glorious name.

6 Then ſhall the teeming ground
A large increaſe diſcloſe:
And we with mercy ſhall be crown'd,
Which GOD, our GOD, beſtows.

7 Then GOD upon our land
Shall conſtant bleſſings ſhow'r;
And all the world in awe ſhall ſtand
Of his reſiſtleſs pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 17, 18.

CHRIST's *aſcenſion, and the gift of the Spirit.*

1 LORD, when thou didſt aſcend on high,
Ten thouſand angels fill'd the ſky:
Thoſe heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy ſtate.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the LORD was there;
While he pronounc'd his ſacred law,
And ſtruck the choſen tribes with awe.

3 How

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thouſand ſouls had captives made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He ſent the promis'd ſpirit down.
With gifts and grace for rebel-men,
That GOD might dwell on earth again.

5 Kingdoms and thrones to GOD belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your ſong:
His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearſe;
His honours ſhall enrich your verſe.

6 By his right hand his ſaints ſhall raiſe,
From the deep earth or deeper ſeas;
And bring them to his courts above,
There ſhall they taſte his ſpecial love.

PSALM LXXI.

Strength and Righteouſneſs in CHRIST.

1 MY SAVIOUR, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praiſe,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlaſting truſt,
Thy goodneſs I adore:
And, ſince I knew thy graces firſt,
I ſpeak thy glories more.

3 My feet ſhall travel all the length
Of the celeſtial road,
And march, with courage, in thy ſtrength,
To ſee my Father God.

4 When I am brought into diſtreſs
By humbling views of ſin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteouſneſs,
And only mention thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my king?
My ſoul, redeem'd from death and hell,
Shall thy ſalvation ſing.

6 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful ſong,
I'll entertain the darkeſt hours,
Nor think the ſeaſon long.

PSALM LXXII. First Part.

The kingdom of CHRIST.

1 GREAT God, whoſe univerſal ſway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy ſceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n ſubmits to his commands;
His juſtice ſhall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With

3 With pow'r he vindicates the juſt,
And treads the oppreſſor in the duſt;
His worſhip and his fear ſhall laſt,
Till hours, and years, and time be paſt.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his influence down;
His grace on fainting ſouls diſtils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirſty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The ſhades of overſpreading death,
Revive at his firſt dawning light,
And deſarts bloſſom at the ſight.

6 The ſaints ſhall flouriſh in his days,
Dreſt in the robes of joy and praiſe;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. Second Part.

CHRIST's *kingdom among the Gentiles.*

1 JESUS ſhall reign where'er the ſun
Does his ſucceſſive journies run;
His kingdom ſtretch from ſhore to ſhore,
Till moons ſhall wax and wane no more.

2 To him ſhall endleſs pray'r be made,
And praiſes throng to crown his head:
His name, like ſweet perfume ſhall riſe
With ev'ry morning ſacrifice.

3 People

3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with ſweeteſt ſong;
And infant-voices ſhall proclaim
Their early bleſſings on his name.

4 Bleſſings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to loſe his chains,
The weary find eternal reſt,
And all the ſons of want are bleſt.

5 [Where he diſplays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curſe are known no more;
In him the tribes of *Adam* boaſt
More bleſſings than their father loſt.

6 Let ev'ry creature riſe and bring,
Peculiar honours to our king;
Angels deſcend with ſongs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.]

PSALM LXXXIV

1 MY ſoul, how lovely is the place
To which thy GOD reſorts!
'Tis heav'n to ſee his ſmiling face,
Tho' in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the ſkies
His ſaving pow'r diſplays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly dove
Deſcends and fills the place,
While CHRIST reveals his wond'rous love,
And ſheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty GOD, thy words declare
The ſecrets of thy will;
And ſtill we ſeek thy mercy there,
And ſing thy praiſes ſtill.

5 My heart and fleſh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When ſhall I tread thy courts, and ſee
My SAVIOUR and my GOD?

6 To ſit one day beneath thine eye
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.

PSALM LXXXV.

Salvation by CHRIST.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The ſouls that fear and truſt the LORD;
And grace deſcending from on high
Freſh hopes of glory ſhall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since CHRIST the LORD came down from heav'n!
By his obedience ſo compleat
Juſtice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

Now

3 Now truth and honour ſhall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bleſs the ground,
In our REDEEMER's gentle reign.

5 His righteouſneſs is gone before,
To give us free acceſs to GOD;
Our wand'ring feet ſhall ſtray no more,
But mark his ſteps and keep the road.

PSALM LXXXVII.

Glorious things ſpoken of Zion the City of GOD.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are ſpoken,
Zion, city of our GOD!
He, whoſe word can not be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the rock of ages founded,
What can ſhake thy ſure repoſe?
With ſalvation's walls ſurrounded
Thou may'ſt ſmile at all thy foes.

2 See! the ſtreams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well ſupply thy ſons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while ſuch a river
Ever flows their thirſt t' aſſuage?
Grace, which like the LORD, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering
See the cloud and fire appear!

For a glory and a covering,
Shewing that the LORD is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and ſhade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

5 Bleſt inhabitants of Zion,
Waſh'd in the *Redeemer*'s blood!
JESUS, whom their ſouls rely on,
Makes them kings and prieſts to GOD:
'Tis his love his people raiſes
Over ſelf to reign as kings,
And as prieſts, his ſolemn praiſes
Each for a thank-offering brings.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 1.

GOD's *Faithfulneſs.*

1 MY never-ceaſing ſongs ſhall ſhew
The mercies of the LORD;
And make ſucceeding ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The ſacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure;
And, if he ſpeaks a promiſe once,
Th' eternal grace is ſure.

3 How long the race of *David* held
The Iſraelitiſh throne!
But there's a nobler covenant ſeal'd
To *David*'s greater Son.

4 His ſeed for ever ſhall poſſeſs
A throne above the ſkies;
The meaneſt ſubject of his grace
Shall to that glory riſe.

5 His promiſe he will ne'er revoke.
But keep his grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath ſpoke,
Eternal truth ſhall bind.

6 Great God of hoſt, thy wond'rous ways
Are ſung by ſaints above:
And ſaints on earth their honours raiſe
To thy unchanging love.

THE SAME, ver. 14, 15, 16, 17.

1 O What ſhall I do, my SAVIOUR to praiſe;
So faithful and true, ſo plenteous in grace;
So ſtrong to deliver, ſo good to redeem
The weakeſt believer, that hangs upon him!

2 How happy the man, whoſe heart is ſet free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And ſtill they are talking of JESUS's grace.

3 Their daily delight ſhall be in thy name,
They ſhall, as their right, thy righteouſneſs claim:
Thy righteouſneſs wearing, and cleans'd by thy (blood,
Bold ſhall they appear in the preſence of GOD.

4 O LORD be our boaſt, our glory and pow'r,
O grant us we pray to ſee the glad hour,
Our ſoul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of ſalvation, which lifts up our head.

THE SAME, ver. 15.

1 BLEST are the ſouls that hear and know
The goſpel's joyful ſound!
Peace ſhall attend the path they go,
And light their ſteps ſurround.

2 Their joy ſhall bear their ſpirits up,
Through their REDEEMER's name:
His righteouſneſs exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The LORD, our ſafety and defence,
Strength and ſalvation gives:
ISRAEL, thy king for ever reigns,
Thy GOD for ever lives.

PSALM XC.

1 O GOD, our help in ages paſt,
Our hope for years to come;
Our ſhelter from the ſtormy blaſt,
And our eternal home!

2 Under the ſhadow of thy throne
Thy ſaints have dwelt ſecure:
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is ſure.

Before

3 Before the hills in order ſtood,
Or earth receiv'd its frame;
From everlaſting thou art GOD,
To endleſs years the ſame.

4 A thouſand ages, in thy ſight,
Are, like an evening, gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the riſing ſun.

5 The buſy tribes of fleſh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carry'd downward by the flood,
And loſt in foll'wing years.

6 Thou turneſt man, O LORD, to duſt,
Of which he firſt was made;
And, when thou ſpeak'ſt the word, RETURN,
'Tis inſtantly obey'd.

PSALM XCI.

1 INCARNATE GOD! the ſoul that knows
Thy name's myſterious pow'r;
Shall dwell in undiſturb'd repoſe,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Thy wiſdom, faithfulneſs and love,
To feeble helpleſs worms,
A buckler and a refuge prove,
From enemies and ſtorms.

3 Angels, unſeen, attend the ſaints
And bear them in their arms;
To cheer the ſpirit when it faints,
And guard the life from harms.

4 The angels' LORD, himſelf is nigh,
To them that love his name;
Ready to ſave them when they cry,
And put their foes to ſhame.

5 Croſſes and changes are their lot,
Long as they ſojourn here;
But ſince their SAVIOUR changes not,
What have the ſaints to fear.

PSALM XCII.

A pſalm for the LORD's *day.*

1 SWEET is the work, my GOD, my king,
To praiſe thy name, give thanks and ſing,
To ſhew thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of ſacred reſt,
No mortal care ſhall ſeize my breaſt;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of ſolemn ſound!

3 My heart ſhall triumph in my LORD,
And bleſs his works, and bleſs his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy counſels! how divine!

4 Fools

4 Fools never raiſe their thoughts ſo high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like graſs they flouriſh, 'till thy breath
Blaſt them in everlaſting death.

5 But I ſhall ſhare a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And freſh ſupplies of joy are ſhed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin (my worſt enemy before)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes ſhall all be ſlain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then ſhall I ſee, and hear, and know,
All I deſir'd or wiſh'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find ſweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM XCV.

1 COME, ſound his praiſe abroad,
And hymns of glory ſing;
Jehovah is the ſov'reign GOD,
The univerſal king.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the ſeas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own;
And all the ſolid ground.

3 Come, worſhip at his throne,
Come, bow before the LORD;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious GOD.

5 Leſt if your ears refuſe
The language of his grace,
Your hearts grow hard, like ſtubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race;

6 With humble ſouls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace!

7 Lo! now he bends his ear,
And waits for your requeſt:
Come, leſt he rouſe his wrath, and ſwear,
'Ye ſhall not ſee my reſt.'

PSALM XCVII.

1 HE reigns; the LORD, the SAVIOUR reigns!
Praiſe him in evangelic ſtrains;
Let the whole earth in ſongs rejoice,
And diſtant iſlands join their voice.

Deep

2 Deep are his counſels and unknown;
But grace and truth ſupport his throne;
Tho' gloomy clouds his ways ſurround,
Juſtice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the ſeas retire.

4 His enemies with ſore diſmay,
Fly from the ſight, and ſhun the day!
Then lift your heads, ye ſaints, on high,
And ſing, for your redemption's nigh.

5 Immortal light and joys unknown,
Are for GOD's ſaints in darkneſs ſown;
Thoſe glorious ſeeds ſhall ſpring and riſe,
And the bright harveſt bleſs our eyes.

6 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The ſacred honours of the LORD;
None but the ſoul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holineſs.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 TO our almighty maker, GOD,
New honours be addreſt;
His great ſalvation ſhines abroad,
And makes the nations bleſt.

2 He ſpake the word to *Abr'am* firſt;
His truth fulfils the grace;
The *Gentiles* make his name their truſt,
And learn his righteouſneſs.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues;
And ſpread the honours of his name
In melody and ſongs.

4 Joy to the world; the LORD is come!
Let earth receive her king:
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And all creation ſing.

5 Joy to the earth, the SAVIOUR reigns!
Let men their ſongs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the ſounding joy.

6 No more let ſins and ſorrows grow,
Nor thorns infeſt the ground;
He comes to make his bleſſings flow,
Far as the curſe is found.

7 He rules the world with truth and grace;
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteouſneſs,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX.

Christ's kingdom and majesty.

1 THE God Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In *Zion* is his throne,
His honours are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice and truth, and judgment, join
In all his works of grace.

5 Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet:
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

PSALM C.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;

Know

Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

2 His ſov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wand'ring ſheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful ſongs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raiſe;
And earth, with her ten thouſand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with ſounding praiſe.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vaſt as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling years ſhall ceaſe to move.

PSALM CI.

1 THY mercy, LORD, we praiſe;
Of judgment too we ſing:
For all the riches of thy grace
Our grateful tribute bring.

2 Mercy may juſtly claim
A ſinner's thankful voice:
And judgment joining in the theme,
We tremble and rejoice,

3 Thy mercies bid us truſt;
Thy judgments ſtrike with awe:
We fear the laſt, we bleſs the firſt;
And love thy righteous law.

4 Who can thy acts expreſs?
Or trace thy wond'rous ways?
How glorious is thy holineſs!
How terrible thy praiſe!

5 Thy goodneſs how immenſe
To thoſe who fear thy name!
Thy love ſurpaſſes all our thoughts;
And always is the ſame.

PSALM CIII.

The abounding compaſſion of GOD.

1 MY ſoul, repeat his praiſe,
Whoſe mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our higheſt thoughts exceed.

3 The pity of the LORD
To thoſe that fear his name,
Is ſuch as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

4 Our days are as the graſs
Or like the morning flower;
If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But thy compaſſions, LORD,
To endleſs years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promiſe ſure.

PSALM CIV.

The glory of GOD *in creation and providence.*

1 MY ſoul, thy great creator praiſe;
When cloth'd in his celeſtial rays,
He in full majeſty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

Note, *This pſalm* may *be ſung to the tune of the twenty-third pſalm, by adding theſe two lines to every ſtanza, namely.*

Great is the LORD; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?

2 Vaſt are thy works, almighty LORD!
All nature reſts upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures ſtands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

3 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The LORD is dreadful in his praiſe.

4 The earth ſtands trembling at thy ſtroke,
And at thy touch the mountains ſmoke;

Yet

Yet humble ſouls may ſee thy face,
And tell their wants to ſov'reign grace.

5 In thee my hopes and wiſhes meet,
And make my meditations ſweet;
Thy praiſes ſhall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endleſs joy.

6 While haughty ſinners die accurſt,
Their glory bury'd with their duſt,
I, to my GOD, my heav'nly king,
Immortal hallelujahs ſing.

PSALM CVI.

1 O Render thanks to GOD above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whoſe mercy firm through ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

2 Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe
His tribute of immortal praiſe?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never ſtray,
Who know what's right, not only ſo,
But always practiſe what they know.

4 Extend to me that favour, LORD,
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford;;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.

5 O! may I worthy prove to ſee
Thy ſaints in full proſperity!
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

PSALM CVII.

1 GIVE thanks to GOD: he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love:
His mercy ages paſt have known,
And ages long to come ſhall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the LORD
The wonders of his grace record;
ISRAEL the nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty foes.

3 In their diſtreſs to GOD they cry'd,
GOD was their SAVIOUR and their guide,
He led their march far wand'ring round;
'Twas the right path to *Canaan*'s ground.

4 Thus when our firſt releaſe we gain
From ſin's old yoke, and *Satan*'s chain,
We have this deſart world to paſs,
A dang'rous and a tireſome place.

5 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footſteps leſt we ſtray,
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

6 O let the ſaints with joy record
The truth and goodneſs of the LORD!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praiſe.

THE SAME,

The Travellers Pſalm.

1 HOW are thy ſervants bleſs'd, O LORD,
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal wiſdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they paſs unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When, by the dreadful tempeſt borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

4 The ſtorm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The ſea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is ſtill.

5 In 'midſt of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodneſs we'll adore,
We'll praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preſerv'ſt that life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, when death ſhall be our lot,
Shall join our ſouls to thee.

PSALM CX.

1 ALL hail victorious LORD
At GOD's right hand above!
Triumphant o'er thy foes!
Triumphant in thy love!
To thee our joyful ſongs we bring;
To thee we bow all conquering king!

2 O haſte, victorious prince,
That happy glorious day,
When ſouls like drops of dew
Shall own thy gentle ſway:
O may it bleſs our longing eyes,
And bear our ſhouts beyond the ſkies.

3 All hail exalted prieſt!
To thee our all we give,
Enthron'd above the ſkies
All homage to receive!
There deign in our behalf to plead!
Yea there for ever intercede.

4 GOD ſhall exalt thy head
And thy high throne maintain;
Shall ſtrike thoſe pow'rs dead,
Who dare oppoſe thy reign.
Thy foes beneath thy feet ſhall lie
Proſtrate to all eternity.

PSALM

PSALM CXII.

The bleſſings of the pious and charitable.

1 THRICE happy man who fears the LORD,
Loves his commands, and truſts his word;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And bleſſings to his ſeed deſcend.

2 Compaſſion dwells upon his mind;
To works of mercy ſtill inclin'd:
He lends the poor ſome preſent aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings ſpread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd againſt the fear,
For GOD with all his pow'r is there.

4 His ſoul well fix'd upon the LORD,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidſt the darkneſs light ſhall riſe,
To cheer his heart and bleſs his eyes.

5 He hath diſpers'd his alms abroad,
His works are ſtill before his GOD:
His hands, while they his alms beſtow'd,
His glory's future harveſt ſow'd:

PSALM CXV.

Not unto Us.

1 NOT unto us, but thee alone,
Bleſt LAMB, be glory giv'n!

Here

Here ſhall thy praiſes be begun,
And carry'd on in heav'n.

2 The hoſt of ſpirits now with thee
Eternal Anthems ſing:
To imitate them here, lo! we
Our hallelujahs bring.

3 Had we our tongues like them inſpir'd,
Like theirs our ſongs ſhould riſe:
Like them; we never ſhould be tir'd,
But love the ſacrifice.

4 'Till we the veil of fleſh lay down,
Accept our weaker lays;
And, when we reach thy FATHER's throne,
We'll give thee nobler praiſe.

PSALM CXVI.

1 WHAT ſhall I render to my GOD,
For all his kindneſs ſhown?
My feet ſhall viſit thine abode,
My ſongs addreſs thy throne.

2 Among the ſaints that fill thine houſe
My off'rings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my zeal perform the vows,
My ſoul in anguiſh made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever-bleſſed GOD!
How dear thy ſervants in thy ſight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy ſervants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life which thou haſt made thy care,
LORD, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my purpoſe move;
Thy hand has loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witneſs, ye ſaints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the LORD;

PSALM CXVII.

1 FROM all that dwell below the ſkies,
Let the CREATOR's praiſe ariſe:
Let the REDEEMER's name be ſung,
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, LORD;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound from ſhore to ſhore,
'Till ſuns ſhall riſe and ſet no more.

PSALM CXVIII.

1 THIS is the day the LORD hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praiſe ſurround the throne.

2 To day CHRIST roſe, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell';
To day the ſaints his triumphs ſpread,
And of his wonders tell.

3 Hoſanna to th' anointed king,
To *David*'s holy Son!
Help us, O LORD; deſcend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bleſt be the LORD who comes to men
With meſſages of grace;
To ranſom, by his bitter pain,
And ſave, the choſen race.

5 Hoſanna, in the higheſt ſtrains
The church on earth can raiſe;
The higheſt heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praiſe.

PSALM CXIX.

1 O That the LORD would guide my ways
To keep his ſtatutes ſtill!
O that my GOD would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 O ſend thy ſpirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, LORD,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my GOD.

THE SAME, 96. ver.

The perfection of Scripture.

1 LET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great GOD, if once compar'd to thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave,
But thine conduct to heaven.

3 Thy

3 Thy precepts then may we ſurvey,
And keep thy Laws in ſight,
Through all the buſineſs of the day,
To form our actions right.

4 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their ſouls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their ſteady feet aſide.

5 Thy word is like a heavenly light,
That guides them all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead their way.

6 Thy word is everlaſting truth.
How pure is every page!
That holy book ſhall guide our youth,
And well ſupport our age.

PSALM CXXI.

1 LO! to the hills I lift my eyes,
Thy promis'd help I claim;
Father of mercies, glorify
The holy JESU's name.

2 Salvation in that name is found,
Balm of my grief and care;
A med'cine for my ev'ry wound,
All, all I want is there.

3 To heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The LORD, who built the earth and ſkies,
Is my perpetual aid.

4 Their feet ſhall never ſlide to fall,
Whom he deſigns to keep;
His ear attends the ſofteſt call;
His eyes can never ſleep.

5 He will ſuſtain our weakeſt pow'rs
With his almighty arm,
And watch our moſt unguarded hours
Againſt ſurpriſing harm.

6 *Iſr'el*, rejoice, and reſt ſecure,
Thy keeper is the LORD;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.

PSALM CXXII.

Zeal for the houſe of GOD, *and delight in wroſhip.*

1 THE joyful morn, my GOD, is come,
That calls me to thy honor'd dome
Thy preſence to adore:
My feet the ſummons ſhall attend
With willings ſteps thy courts aſcend,
And tread the hallow'd floor,

2 Hither from *Judah*'s utmoſt end,
The heaven-protected tribes aſcend;

Their offerings hither bring:
Here, eager to atteſt their joy,
In hymns of praiſe their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal king.

3 Be peace implor'd by each on thee,
O *Sion*, while with bended knee
To *Jacob*'s GOD we pray:
How bleſs'd, who calls himſelf thy friend!
Succeſs his labor ſhall attend,
And ſafety guard his way.

4 O may'ſt thou, free from hoſtile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild waſtes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her ſtand,
And in thy courts, with laviſh hand,
Diſtribute all her ſtore.

5 Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O *Sion*, fail
To bleſs thy lov'd abode?
How ceaſe the zeal that in me glows,
Thy good to ſeek, whoſe walls incloſe
The manſions of my GOD?

PSALM CXXVI.

1 THE heathen lands were forced to own,
That GOD a wondrous work had done;
When *Iſrael* was ſet free.
"Redemption now is wrought" we ſaid,
Whereof our grateful hearts are glad;
We give the praiſe to thee.

2 Now ſend, O ſend thy powerful word,
To looſe our fetter'd ſpirits LORD!
We mourn a bondage ſtill:
By ſin to earth and death enſlaved,
When LORD from theſe ſhall we be ſaved,
And ſweet deliv'rance feel!

3 Turn then this worſt captivity!
We leave the mighty change to *thee*,
Our efforts all are vain,
Turn as the ſouthern ſtreams each heart,
From ſin to thee, nor let them ſtart,
From thee to ſin again.

4 We'll wait thy time, for thoſe who ſow,
In tears, ſhall reap in joy, we know,
And ſing their ſins forgiven:
And he who weeps a mournful tear,
Bearing good ſeed, ſhall doubtleſs bear,
His fruitful ſheaves to heav'n.

PSALM CXXX.

1 OUT of the deph of ſelf-deſpair,
Help us, O LORD, to cry:
Our mis'ry mark, attend our prayer,
And bring ſalvation nigh.

2 If thou art rig'rouſly ſevere,
Who may the teſt abide!
O where ſhall ſinful man appear!
Or how be juſtify'd!

3 But O! forgiveneſs is with thee,
That ſinners may adore,
With filial fear thy goodneſs ſee,
And never grieve thee more.

4 Ye faithful ſouls, confide in GOD,
Mercy with him remains;
Plenteous redemption in his blood,
To waſh out all your ſtains.

5 His *Iſrael* himſelf ſhall clear,
From all their ſins redeem:
The LORD our righteouſneſs is near,
And we are juſt in him.

PSALM CXXXI.

Meekneſs and humility.

1 LORD, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in ſpirit, meek in heart,
I ſhall as my maſter be,
Rooted in humility.

2 From the time that thee I know,
Nothing would I ſeek below:
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child,
Pleas'd with all the LORD provides,
Wean'd from all the world beſides.

4 FATHER!

4 FATHER! fix my ſoul on thee,
Ev'ry evil let me flee,
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in my FATHER's love.

PSALM CXXXII.

1 ARISE, O king of grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy reſt!
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bleſt.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy ſpirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no ſuch grace afford.

3 Here, mighty GOD! accept our vows,
Here let thy praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the proviſions of thy houſe,
And fill thy poor with bread:

4 Here let the Son of *David* reign;
Let GOD's anointed ſhine:
Juſtice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.

5 Here let him hold a laſting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Freſh honours ſhall adorn his crown,
And ſhame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 YE ſervants of God, whoſe diligent care,
Is ever employed in watching and pray'r;
With praiſes unceaſing your Saviour proclaim,
Rejoicing, and bleſſing his excellent name.

2 'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his Houſe,
And lift up your hands and pay him your vows;
And whilſt ye are giving your Saviour his due,
The Lord out of heaven ſhall ſanctify you.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praiſe!
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The king of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he ſpread the ſky,
And fixt the ſtarry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

4 He fills the ſun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When ſuns and moons ſhall ſhine no more.

5 He

5 He ſent his Son with pow'r to ſave
From guilt, and darkneſs, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to GOD belong,
Repeat his mercies in your ſong.

6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly ſeat;
His mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain world ſhall be no more.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1 WITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue
I'll praiſe my maker in my ſong;
Angels ſhall hear the notes I raiſe,
Approve the ſong, and join the praiſe.

2 Angels, that make thy church their care,
Shall witneſs my devotion there;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the ſkies.

3 I'll ſing thy truth and mercy, LORD;
I'll ſing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works, and names below,
So much thy pow'r and glory ſhew.

4 To GOD I cry'd when trouble roſe;
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my foes;
He did my riſing fears controul,
And ſtrength diffus'd thro' all my ſoul.

5 Amidſt

5 Amidſt a thouſand ſnares I ſtand,
Upheld, and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting ſoul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

6 Grace will compleat what grace begins;
To ſave from ſorrows, or from ſins:
The work that wiſdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forſakes.

PSALM CXLIV.

The greatneſs of GOD.

1 MY GOD, my king, thy various praiſe
Shall fill the remnant of my days:
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raiſe the ſong.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour ſhall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry ſetting ſun ſhall ſee
New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and juſtice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endleſs ſtream,
Thy mercy ſwift, thine anger ſlow,
But dreadful to the ſtubborn foe.

4 Thy works with ſov'reign glory ſhine,
And ſpeak thy majeſty divine;
Let *Britain* round her ſhores proclaim
The ſound and honour of thy name.

5 Let

5 Let diſtant times and nations raiſe
The long ſucceſſion of thy praiſe;
And unborn ages make my ſong
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can ſpeak thy wond'rous deeds?
Thy greatneſs all our thoughts exceeds;
Vaſt and unſearchable thy ways!
Vaſt and immortal be thy praiſe!

PSALM CXLV. ver. 7. &c.

1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly king
Let age to age thy righteouſneſs
In ſounds of glory ſing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the ſkies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty ſhines,
And every want ſupplies.

3 With longing eyes the creatures wait
On thee, for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine anger moves!
How ſoon he ſends his pard'ning word
To cheer the ſoul he loves!

5 Creatures

5 Creatures, with all their endleſs race,
Thy pow'r and praiſe proclaim:
May we, who taſte thy riches grace,
Delight to bleſs thy name!

PSALM CXLVI.

Praiſe to GOD *through the whole of our exiſtence.*

1 GOD of my life, thro' all my days,
My grateful pow'rs ſhall ſound thy praiſe;
The ſong ſhall 'wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the ſilent night.

2 When anxious cares wou'd break my reſt,,
And grief wou'd tear my throbbing breaſt,
Thy tuneful praiſe I'll raiſe on high
And check the murmur, and the ſigh.

3 When death o'er nature ſhall prevail,
And all the pow'rs of language fail;
Joy thro' my ſwimming eyes ſhall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot ſpeak:

4 But O! when that laſt conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to fleſh no more,
With what glad accents ſhall I riſe,
To join the muſic of the ſkies!

5 Soon ſhall I learn th' exalted ſtrains,
Which echo thro the heav'nly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing ſeraphs round thy throne.

PSALM

PSALM CXLVII. First Part.

1 THERE IS A GOD, all nature ſpeaks,
Through earth, and air, and ſeas, and ſkies,
See from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the firſt beams of morning riſe.

2 The riſing ſun, ſerenely bright,
O'er the wide worlds extended frame,
Inſcribes in characters of light,
His mighty maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace Creations wonders o'er,
Confeſs the footſteps of the GOD;
O bow before him and adore.

PSALM CXLVII. Second Part.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

1 PRAISE ye the LORD; 'tis good to raiſe
Our hearts and voices in his praiſe:
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the ſtars, thoſe heav'nly flames;
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wiſdom's vaſt, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3 Great is our LORD, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite;

He crowns the meek, rewards the juſt,
And treads the wicked to the duſt.

4 Sing to the LORD, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his clouds all round the ſky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops deſcend in vain.

5 He makes the graſs the hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling fields with corn:
The beaſts with food his hands ſupply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

6 But ſaints are lovely in his ſight;
He views his children with delight:
He ſees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

7 Praiſe GOD, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below:
Praiſe him above, y' angelic hoſt:
Praiſe FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,

PSALM CXLVIII.

1 PRAISE ye the LORD ye immortal choir,
Who fill the realms above,
Praiſe him who form'd you of his fire,
Who feeds you with his love:
Shine to his praiſe, ye cryſtal ſkies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil in ſhades your thouſand eyes,
Before your brighter GOD.

2 Thunder

2 Thunder and hail, and fire and ſtorms
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
And ſpeak his awful hand;
Shout to the LORD, ye ſurging ſeas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe,
And ſhore reply to ſhore.

3 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow;
Sweet cluſters bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough:
Thus while the meaner creatures ſing,
Ye mortals, take the ſound:
Echo the glories of your king,
Thro' all the nations round.

4 Praiſe ye the LORD, ye ſaints below
Brought nigh thro' JESU's blood,
With praiſe ſeraphic ever glow
And chaunt the love of GOD;
Praiſe him in all the higheſt ſtrains,
Your nobleſt pow'rs afford;
While ſaints from yon celeſtial plains,
Reply PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CL.

1 PRAISE the LORD, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praiſe the holy GOD of love,
And all his greatneſs ſhow:

Praiſe him for his noble deeds,
Praiſe him for his matchleſs pow'r;
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let heav'n and earth adore.

2 Publiſh, ſpread, to all around,
The great IMMANUEL's name;
Let the trumpet's martial ſound
Him LORD of hoſts proclaim:
Praiſe him, ev'ry tuneful ſtring,
All the reach of heav'nly art!
All the pow'rs of muſic bring;
The muſic of the heart.

3 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let ev'ry creature ſing;
Glory to their maker give,
And homage to their king:
Hallow'd be his name beneath;
As in heav'n, or earth ador'd!
Praiſe the LORD, in ev'ry breath;
Let all things praiſe the LORD.

HYMNS

FOR THE

MORNING AND EVENING.

HYMN I.

By BISHOP KENN.

Morning.

1 AWAKE, my ſoul, and with the ſun
Thy daily ſtage of duty run:
Shake off dull ſloth, and early riſe
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

2 Redeem thy miſ-ſpent time that's paſt;
Live this day, as if 'twere thy laſt:
T'improve thy talents take due care,
'Gainſt the great day thyſelf prepare.

3 Let all thy converſe be ſincere;
Thy conſcience as the noon-day clear;
Think how th' all-ſeeing GOD thy ways
And all thy ſecret thoughts ſurveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyſelf, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied ſing,
Glory to the eternal king.

5 Glory to thee, who ſafe haſt kept;
And haſt refreſh'd me while I ſlept:
Grant, LORD, when I from death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs life partake.

6 LORD, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my ſins as morning dew;
Guard my firſt ſpring of thought and will,
And with thyſelf my ſpirit fill.

7 Direct, controul, ſuggeſt this day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay;
That all my power, with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.

8 Praiſe GOD, from whom all bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all creatures here below:
Praiſe him above, y' angelic hoſt:
Praiſe FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

HYMN II.

By BISHOP KENN.

Evening.

1 GLORY to thee, my GOD, this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light.

Keep

Keep me, O keep me, king of kings,
Under thy own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, LORD, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myſelf, and thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
Triumphing riſe, at the laſt day.

4 O may my ſoul on thee repoſe;
And with ſweet ſleep mine eyelids cloſe:
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,
To ſerve my GOD, when I awake.

5 When, in the night, I ſleepleſs lie,
My ſoul, with heav'nly thoughts, ſupply:
Let no ill dreams diſturb my reſt,
No pow'rs of darkneſs me moleſt.

6 Let my bleſt guardian whilſt I ſleep,
Around my bed his vigils keep;
With love divine my boſom fill,
And ſtop each avenue of ill.

7 Thought to thought with my ſoul converſe,
Celeſtial joys to me rehearſe;
And in my ſtead, all the night long,
Sing to my GOD a grateful ſong.

8 Praiſe GOD, from whom all bleſſings flow; &c.

HYMN III.

By Bishop Kenn.

Midnight.

1 MY God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take,
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

2 Blest'd angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high;
You joyful chaunt the EVER BLEST,
Before the throne, and never rest.

3 I with your choir celestial join
In offering up a hymn divine;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewel.

4 O may I always ready stand
With my lamp burning in my hand!
May I in sight of heaven rejoice
Whene'er I hear the bridegroom's voice!

5 The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in thy sight:
My soul O lighten, and inflame
With thought and love of thy great name!

6 Blest'd Jesu thou on heaven intent
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;

But

But I, frail creature, ſoon am tir'd,
And all my zeal is ſoon expir'd.

7 Shine on me, LORD, new life impart,
Freſh ardor kindle in my heart;
One ray of thy all quick'ning light
Diſpels the ſloth and clouds of night.

8 Praiſe GOD, &c.

HYMN IV.

Morning.

1 RISE, my ſoul, adore thy maker!
Angels praiſe,
Join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

2 FATHER, LORD of ev'ry ſpirit,
In thy light,
Lead me right,
Thro' my SAVIOUR's merit.

3 HOLY GHOST, divine inſtructor;
Guide me ſtill,
Let thy will
Be my ſole conductor.

4 Thou this night waſt my protector:
With me ſtay
All the day,
Ever my director.

Holy,

5 Holy, holy, holy giver
Of all good,
Life and food;
Reign ador'd for ever.

6 Worſhip, honor, thanks, and bleſſing,
One in three,
Give we thee,
Never, never, ceaſing.

HYMN V.

Evening.

1 ERE I ſleep, for ev'ry favour
This day ſhew'd
By my GOD,
I will thank my SAVIOUR.

2 O my LORD, what ſhall I render
To thy name,
Still the ſame,
Gracious, good, and tender!

3 Leave me not, but ever love me:
Let thy peace
Be my bliſs,
'Till thou hence remove me.

4 Viſit me with thy ſalvation;
Let thy care
Still be near,
Round my habitation.

5 Be my rock, my guard, my tower;
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me with all thy pow'r.

6 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
I shall rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

HYMN VI.

Evening.

1 DREAD sovereign let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Thro' all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above,
Incompass me around;
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found?

4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 LORD, with this guilty heart of mine
To thy dear croſs I flee,
And to thy grace my ſoul reſign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afreſh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to reſt,
As in th' embraces of my GOD,
Or on my SAVIOUR's breaſt.

HYMN VII.

1 FOR all the bleſſings of the day,
Humble thankſgiving let us pay:
And when to endleſs day we ſoar,
Our praiſe ſhall be for evermore.

2 Hail dear REDEEMER! live and reign,
Thou LAMB for ſinful mankind ſlain,
Preſerver of the ranſom'd race,
Exalted high in truth, and grace!

3 Our guide, thou all the day haſt been,
O ſave us, LORD, from this day's ſin:
Remain our SAVIOUR ſtill, and be
Our hope, our guard eternally.

4 Into thy hands we, ſinful duſt,
Our ſouls commend, our bodies truſt:
Nor doubt we, but our only friend
Loves, and will love us to the end.

HYMN VIII.

1 WHAT tho' my frail eye-lids refuſe
Continual watching to keep,
And, punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreſhment of ſleep:
A ſov'reign protector I have,
Unſeen, yet for ever at hand:
Unchangeably faithful to ſave,
Almighty to rule and command.

2 From evil ſecure, and its dread,
I reſt, if my SAVIOR is nigh;
And ſongs his kind preſence indeed,
Shall in the night-ſeaſon ſupply:
He ſmiles, and my comforts abound;
His grace as the dew ſhall deſcend;
And walls of ſalvation ſurround,
The ſoul he delights to defend.

3 Kind author and ground of my hope,
Thee, thee, for my GOD I avow;
My glad Ebenezer ſet up,
And own, thou haſt help'd me till now.
I muſe on the years that are paſt,
Wherein my defence thou haſt prov'd;
Nor wilt thou relinquiſh at laſt,
A ſinner ſo ſignally lov'd.

4 Inſpirer and hearer of pray'r,
Thou feeder and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant-care
I, ſleeping and waking, reſign:

If

If thou art my ſhield and my ſun,
The night is no darkneſs to me;
And, faſt as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

5 Thy miniſt'ring ſpirits deſcend,
To watch while thy ſaints are aſleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of ſalvation to keep:
Bright ſeraphs, diſpatch'd from the throne,
Repair to their ſtations aſſign'd;
And angels elect are ſent down,
To guard the elect of mankind.

6 Thy worſhip no intervals knows;
Their fervor is ſtill on the wing;
And, while they protect my repoſe,
They chaunt to the praiſe of my king;
I too, at the ſeaſon ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever ſhall join,
And love and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

VIDE. PSALM III.

HYMNS

FOR THE

SABBATH DAY.

HYMN I.

1 THE Lord of ſabbath let us praiſe,
In concert with the bleſt;
Who, joyful, in harmonious lays
Employ an endleſs reſt.

2 On this glad day a brighter ſcene
Of glory was diſplay'd,
By God, the eternal Word, than when
The univerſe was made.

3 Alone, the dreadful race he ran;
Alone, the wine-preſs trod:
He dy'd and ſuffer'd as a man,
He riſes as a God.

4 He riſes, who our pardon bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great, to ſpeak our ſouls from nought;
'Twas greater, to redeem.

5 A bleſt eternity we hope
With him in heav'n to ſpend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And ſabbaths never end.

HYMN II.

1 THIS is the day the LORD's own day,
A day of holy reſt:
O teach our ſouls to reſt from ſin,
That reſt will pleaſe thee beſt.

2 This is the day, thy day, O LORD,
On which thou didſt ariſe;
For ſinners having made thyſelf
A ſinleſs ſacrifice.

3 Hadſt thou not dy'd we had not liv'd,
But dy'd eternally;
We'll live to him that dy'd for us,
And praiſe his name on high.

4 Welcome and dear unto my ſoul
Is thy moſt holy day:
May I th' eternal ſabbath keep
With God my ſtrength and ſtay!

HYMN III.

1 WELCOME ſweet day of reſt,
That ſaw the LORD ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving b eaſt,
And theſe rejoicing eyes!

2 The king himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to-day;
Here may we meet, and ſee him here,
And love, and praiſe, and pray.

3 One day amidſt the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of pleaſureable ſin.

4 My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
And gladly ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs.

HYMN IV.

1 IN ſweet exalted ſtrains
The king of glory praiſe;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Thro' everlaſting days:
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Suſtains or ſinks the diſtant poles.

2 To earth he bends his throne,
His throne of grace divine;
Wide is his bounty known,
And wide his glories ſhine:
Fair ſalem, ſtill his choſen reſt,
Is with his ſmiles and preſence bleſt.

3 O, king of glory, come,
And with thy favor crown

This temple as thy dome,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to ſhow,
How GOD can dwell with men below.

4 Here, may thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praiſe aſcend
All fragrant to the ſkies:
Here may thy word melodious ſound,
And ſpread celeſtial joys around.

5 Here, may th' attentive throng
Imbibe thy truth and love,
And converts join the ſong
Of ſeraphim above,
And willing crowds ſurround thy board,
With ſacred joy and ſweet accord.

6 Here, may our unborn ſons
And daughters ſound thy praiſe,
And ſhine like poliſh'd ſtones,
Thro' long ſucceeding days;
Here, LORD, diſplay thy ſaving pow'r,
While temples ſtand, and men adore.

HYMN V.

1 AWAKE, our drowſy ſouls,
Shake off each ſlothful band,
The wonders of this day
Our nobleſt ſongs demand.
Auſpicious morn! thy bliſsful rays,
Bright ſeraphs hail in ſongs of praiſe.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death reſign'd
The glorious prince of life,
Her dark domains confin'd:
Th' angelic hoſt around him bends,
And, 'midſt their ſhouts, the GOD aſcends.

3 All hail, triumphant LORD,
Heaven with hoſannas rings;
While earth, in humbler ſtrains,
Thy praiſe reſponſive ſings:
Worthy art thou, who once waſt ſlain,
Thro endleſs years to live and reign.

4 Gird on, great GOD, thy ſword,
Aſcend thy conquering car,
While juſtice, truth, and love
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious thou, thy foes ſhalt tread,
And ſin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With ſalutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
When dying ſouls for life ſhall ſue,
Numerous as drops of morning dew.

HYMN VI.

1 GREAT GOD, this ſacred day of thine
Demands our ſouls collected powers;
May we employ in work divine
Theſe ſolemn, theſe devoted hours!

O may our ſouls, adoring, own
The grace, which calls us to thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles fly,
Where GOD reſides appear no more,
Omniſcient GOD, thy piercing eye
Can every ſecret thought explore!
O may thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix, our thoughts on things divine!

3 The word of life diſpens'd to day
Invites us to a heavenly feaſt:
May every ear the call obey:
Be every heart an humble gueſt!
O bid the wretched ſons of need
On ſoul reviving dainties feed.

4 Thy SPIRIT's powerful aid impart!
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then ſhall the day indeed be thine!
Then ſhall our ſouls adoring own
The grace, which calls us to thy throne!

HYMN VII.

1 WHEN, O bleſt SAVIOR, when ſhall I
Behold thee all ſerene;
Bleſt in perpetual ſabbath-day,
Without a veil between?

2 Aſſiſt me while I wander here,
Amidſt a world of cares;

Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my pray'rs.

3 Accept my frail attempts to love;
My frailties LORD forgive;
I would be like thy ſaints above,
And praiſe thee while I live.

4 Releaſe my ſoul from ev'ry chain,
No more ſin's captive led,
And pardon a repenting child,
For whom the SAVIOUR bled.

5 Spare me, O GOD, O ſpare the ſoul
That gives itſelf to thee;
Take all that I poſſeſs below,
And give thyſelf to me.

6 Thy ſpirit, O my Father, give,
To be my guide and friend;
To light my way to ceaſeleſs joys,
Where ſabbaths never end.

VIDE PSALM 92. 110. 116. 118. 122. 132. 134.

VENITE VIDE PSALM XCV.

TE DEUM.

1 THEE, ſov'reign GOD! our anthems praiſe;
We own thee LORD in all thy ways.
Thee, HOLY FATHER, earth's whole frame,
And heaven's high pow'rs e'er proclaim.

2 O holy, holy, holy LORD!
Great GOD of ſabbath (they record)
With ſplendor of thy glory ſpread,
Is heav'n and earth repleniſhed.

3 Thy praiſes fill the apoſtles choir;
The prophets in thy praiſe conſpire;
Legions of martyrs ſwell the theme,
And vocal blood reſounds thy name.

4 O GOD! thy holy church to thee
Aſcribe infinite majeſty,
Thy HOLY SPIRIT and thy SON
The ſacred THREE in godhead ONE.

5 O king of glory, CHRIST, moſt high!
Thou coeternal deity!
Who to ſave ſinners from their doom
Didſt not abhor the virgin's womb.

6 We ſing thy conqueſts o'er the grave!
Aloud we chaunt thy pow'r to ſave!
The realms of bliſs we joyful ſee
For all believers bought by thee.

7 At GOD's right hand enthron'd on high,
In all the glories of the ſky,
Till thou in judgment ſhalt appear,
We hail thee, and adore thee there.

8 LORD of the living and the dead!
O ſpare the ſouls for whom thou bled;

Unite

Unite us with thy ſaints above,
Their partners in a SAVIOR's love.

9 O bleſs thy heritage, defend,
And keep us faithful to the end;
Raiſe thou our hearts, direct our way
To magnify thee day by day.

10 Our ſuppliant pray'r, O LORD, receive!
FATHER, thy mercies ceaſeleſs give,
And ever with us LORD be near,
Till in thy glory we appear.

BENEDICTUS.

1 NOW be the GOD of Iſr'el bleſs'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he ſware.

2 Now he bedews old David's root
With bleſſings from the ſkies;
He makes the branch of promiſe grow,
The promis'd horn ariſe.

3 John was the prophet of the LORD,
To go before his face:
The herald, which our SAVIOUR-GOD
Sent to prepare his ways.

4 He makes the great ſalvation known,
He ſpeaks of pardon'd ſins;

While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
In its own glory ſhines.

5 'Behold the Lamb of God, he cries,
'That takes our guilt away:
'I ſaw the ſpirit o'er his head
'On his baptizing-day.

6 'Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
'Sink ev'ry mountain low;
'The proud muſt ſtoop, and humble ſouls
'Shall his ſalvation know.

7 'The heathen realms with Iſr'el's land
'Shall join in ſweet accord;
'And all that's born of man ſhall ſee
'The glory of the LORD.

8 'Behold the morning-ſtar ariſe,
'Ye that in darkneſs ſit,
'He marks the way, which leads to peace
'And guides our doubtful feet.

JUBILATE VIDE PSALM C.

MAGNIFICAT.

1 OUR ſouls ſhall magnify the LORD;
In GOD the SAVIOUR we rejoice:
While we repeat the virgin's ſong,
May the ſame ſpirit tune our voice!

2 The

2 [The higheſt ſaw her low eſtate,
And mighty things his hand hath done:
His over-ſhadowing pow'r and grace
Makes her the mother of his SON.

3 Let ev'ry nation call her bleſs'd,
And endleſs years prolong her fame;
But GOD alone muſt be ador'd;
Holy and reverend is his name.]

4 To thoſe that fear and truſt the LORD,
His mercy ſtands for ever ſure:
From age to age his promiſe lives,
And the performance is ſecure.

5 He ſpake to Abra'm and his ſeed,
'In thee ſhall all the earth be bleſs'd:'
The mem'ry of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breaſt.

6 But now no more ſhall Iſr'el wait,
No more the gentiles lie forlorn:
Lo, the deſire of nations comes,
Behold the promis'd ſeed is born!

CANTATE DOMINO VIDE PSALM XCVIII.

The Song of Simeon.

NUNC DIMITS.

1 TIS enough;— the hour is come!
Now within the ſilent tomb

(Well

(Well might holy Simeon ſay)
Let my mortal frame decay.

2 Since thy mercies, LORD of old.
By thy choſen ſeen foretold,
Faithful all and ſtedfaſt prove;
GOD of truth and GOD of love!

3 Son of righteouſneſs to thee,
O let nations bow the knee!
O let realms of diſtant kings
Own the healing of thy wings!

4 Hail the light of *Jacob*'s ſtar!
Spread thy glories from afar!
Wide diffuſe the goſpel ray,
Uſhering in eternal day!

DEUS MISEREATUR VIDE PSALM LXVII.

ADVENT SUNDAYS.
AND
NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

HYMN I.

1 HARK the herald angels ſing:
Glory to the new-born king

Peace

Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and ſinners reconcil'd.

2 Joyful all ye nations riſe,
Join the triumphs of the ſkies;
With th' angelic hoſt proclaim,
"Christ is born in *Bethlehem!*"

3 Christ by higheſt heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlaſting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb.

4 Veil'd in fleſh the godhead ſee,
Hail th' incarnate deity!
Pleas'd as man with men t'appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

5 Hail the heav'n born prince of peace!
Hail the ſun of righteouſneſs!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings!

6 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that men no more may die;
Born to raiſe the ſons of earth,
Born to give them ſecond birth.

HYMN II.

1 LET angels and archangels ſing
The wonderful Immanuel's name;
Adore with us our new-born king,
And ſtill the joyful news proclaim!

All earth and heaven be ever join'd
To praiſe the SAVIOUR of mankind.

2 The everlaſting GOD comes down,
To ſojourn with the ſons of men;
Without his majeſty or crown,
The great inviſible is ſeen;
A virgin's womb he did not ſcorn,
The EVERLASTING GOD is born.

3 Angels, behold that infant's face,
With rapt'rous awe the godhead own;
'Tis all your heav'n on him to gaze,
And caſt your crowns before his throne,
Tho' now he on his footſtool lies,
Ye know he built both earth and ſkies.

4 By him into exiſtence brought,
Ye ſang the all-creating word:
Ye heard him call our world from nought;
Again, in honour of our LORD,
Ye morning ſtars, your hymns employ,
And ſhout ye ſons of GOD for joy.

HYMN III.

1 LIFT up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn;
Each heavenly pow'r
Proclaims the glad hour,
Lo JESUS the SAVIOUR is born!

2 All glory be to GOD on high,
To him all praiſe is due;
The promiſe is ſeal'd,
The SAVIOUR's reveal'd,
And proves that the record is true.

Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on, and ſtill increaſe;
Spread o'er the glad earth,
At JESUS's birth,
For heaven and earth are at peace.

4 Now the good-will of heav'n is ſhewn
Tow'rds Adam's helpleſs race:
MESSIAH is come
To ranſom his own,
To ſave them by infinite grace.

5 Then let us join the heav'ns above
Where hymning ſeraphs ſing,
Join all the glad pow'rs,
For their LORD is ours,
Our PROPHET, our PRIEST, and our KING.

HYMN IV.

1 HARK, the glad ſound! the SAVIOUR comes,
The SAVIOUR promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a ſong.

2 On him the ſpirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to releaſe,
In ſatan's bondage held;
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickeſt films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celeſtial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind
The bleeding ſoul to cure;
And with the riches of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hoſannas, prince of peace,
Thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN V.

1 O Jesus my Savior, I fain would embrace
Thy name and thy nature, thy ſpirit and (grace,
And trace the dear footſteps of Jesus my Lord,
And glory in him whom the nations abhorr'd.

2 O wonder of wonders! aſtoniſh'd I gaze,
To ſee in the manger the ancient of days;
And angels proclaiming the ſtranger forlorn,
And telling the ſhepherds that JESUS is born!

3 My GOD, my Creator, the heaven did bow
To ranſom offenders, he ſtoop'd very low;
My ſpirit rejoices, the work it is done;
My ſoul is redeemed, ſalvation is won.

4 O help me ye angels his love to proclaim,
From realms of high glory moſt joyful he came;
For thouſands of ſinners the LORD bow'd his head,
For thouſands of ſinners he groan'd and he bled.

5 Our God is returned to glory on high,
Our JESUS's praiſe is the theme of the ſky;
Our JESUS's praiſe ſhall while here be our theme,
We ſhout hallelujah and worthy the LAMB.

HYMN VI.

1 GOD *with us!* O glorious name!
Let it ſhine in endleſs fame:
GOD and man in CHRIST unite,
O myſterious depth and height!

2 GOD *with us!* amazing love
Brought him from his courts above;
Now, ye ſaints, his grace admire,
Swell the ſong with holy fire.

3 GOD *with us!* but tainted not
With the firſt tranſgreſſors' blot;
Yet did he our ſins ſuſtain,
Bear the guilt, the curſe, the pain.

4 [GOD *with us!* O bliſsful theme!
Let the impious not blaſpheme,
JESUS ſhall in judgment ſit,
Dooming rebels to the pit.]

5 GOD *with us!* O wondrous grace!
Let us ſee him face to face,
That we may IMMANUEL ſing
As we ought, our GOD and king.

HYMN VII.

1 MORTALS awake, with angels join,
And chaunt the ſolemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auſpicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous ſong began,
And ſweet ſeraphic fire
Thro' all the ſhining legions ran,
And ſtrung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Swift thro' the vaſt expanſe it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the ſong, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down thro' the portals of the ſky
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 [Wrapt in the ſilence of the night
Lay all the eaſtern world,
When burſting, glorious, heavenly light
The wond'rous ſcene unfurl'd.]

6 Hark! the cherubic armies ſhout,
And glory leads the ſong:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

7 [O for a glance of heav'nly love
Our hearts and ſongs to raiſe;
Sweetly to bear our ſouls above,
And mingle with their Lays!]

8 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to GOD on high;
"Good-will and peace are now complete,
"JESUS was born to die."

9 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life ſhould fail,
Thy praiſe ſhall never end.

HYMN VIII.

1 SWEETER ſounds than muſic knows
Charm me in EMMANUEL's name;
All her hopes my ſpirit owes
To his birth, and croſs, and ſhame.

2 When he came, the angels ſung,
"Glory be to GOD on high;"
LORD, unlooſe my ſtamm'ring tongue,
Who ſhould louder ſing than I?

3 Did the LORD a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and ſuffer in my room,
And can'ſt thou my tongue be ſtill?

4 No, I muſt my praiſes bring,
Tho' they worthleſs are and weak;
For ſhould I refuſe to ſing,
Sure the very ſtones would ſpeak.

5 O my SAVIOUR, ſhield and ſun,
Shepherd, brother, huſband, friend,
Ev'ry precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

HYMN IX.

1 RISING from the promis'd nation
Lo the great MESSIAH's near!

Join

Join in loudeſt acclamation;
See the incarnate SON appear!
Shout the SAVIOUR
Saints, your higheſt rapture rear.

2 Lo from heav'n the GOD deſcending
Leaves his majeſty above;
Softeſt dignity attending
Joins the ſweetneſs of the dove.
Lo in Beth'lem
Lies the great INCARNATE LOVE.

3 He, who laid the worlds foundation,
And the deeps of ocean bound,
Owns to man a near relation,
And is in a manger found.
Raiſe the anthem
And eternal praiſe reſound.

4 Wrapt in myſtery's deepeſt wonder
Angels ſound it through the ſky,
On theſe depths of love they ponder,
Whilſt they HOLY HOLY cry;
Theme ſo charming
Cherubs in the myſtery pry.

5 Hark! from yon tranſparent ſhining,
How the echoing concert flows;
While ſeraphic harps combining
Sing relief to human woes;
May we join them!
And our ſouls in tranſport loſe.

6 Mortals hymn the incarnate SAVIOUR,
And your higheſt anthems raiſe:
Love divine, endearing favor!
Yields ten thouſand themes for praiſe;
Weak our pow'rs
To reſound the heav'nly lays.

7 Strike your harps the whole creation
And a great REDEEMER ſing;
Join the joyful acclamation,
And adore the new born king
Till to heav'n
Joyful hallelujahs ring.

VIDE PSALM XL. XCVIII.

CIRCUMCISION.

1 SEE, my ſoul, with wonder ſee
The incarnate deity;
Human nature he aſſumes,
He to ranſom ſinners comes!
He was not conceiv'd in ſin,
He was infinitely clean;
Him no ſinful ſpot diſguis'd,
Yet, lo! he was circumcis'd.

2 He fulfill'd all righteouſneſs,
Standing in our legal place;
From the manger to the croſs,
All he did he did for us:

He

He did all our woes retrieve,
He expir'd that we might live;
By his ſtripes our wounds are heal'd,
By his blood our peace is ſeal'd.

3 Jesu's pain procures our eaſe;
Jesu's death is our releaſe;
Jesu's croſs obtains our crown;
Jesu's ſepulchre our throne:
Lord, conform us to thy death,
Bid our ſins yield up their breath;
By thy reſurrection's pow'r
Make our ſouls to glory ſoar.

For New Yea's Day.

Luke xiii. 6—11.

1 THE Lord of earth and ſky,
The God of ages praiſe!
Who reigns enthron'd on high,
Ancient of endleſs days;
Who lenghthens out our trial here,
And ſpares us yet another Year.

2 Barren and wither'd trees,
We cumber'd long the ground,
No fruit of holineſs
On our dead ſouls was found!
Yet did he us in mercy ſpare,
Another and another year,

3 When

3 When juſtice bar'd the ſword
To cut the fig-tree down,
The pity of our LORD
Cry'd, "let it ſtill alone,"
The father mild inclin'd his ear,
And ſpar'd us yet another year.

4 JESUS thy ſpeaking blood
From GOD obtain'd the grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer ſpace:
Thou didſt in our behalf appear,
And lo, we ſee another year!

5 Then dig about our root,
Break up our fallow ground,
And let ſome gracious fruit
To thy great praiſe abound.
O let us all thy praiſe declare,
And fruit unto thy glory bear!

EPIPHANY.

Matt. ii. 10.

1 SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected ſtar,
JACOB's ſtar, that gilds the night,
Guides bewild'red nature right.

2 Fear not hence that there ſhould flow
Wars or peſtilence below;
Wars it bids and tumults ceaſe,
Uſhering in the PRINCE OF PEACE.

3 Mild he ſhines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the ſhades of death,
Scatt'ring error's wide-ſpread night,
Kind'ling darkneſs into light.

4 Nations all far off and near,
Haſte to ſee your GOD appear;
Haſte, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifeſted there.

5 There behold the day-ſpring riſe,
Pouring eye-ſight on your eyes;
GOD in his own light ſurvey,
Shining to the perfect day.

6 Sing ye morning-ſtars again,
God deſcends on earth to reign!
Deigns for man his life t' employ,
Shout, ye ſons of GOD, for joy!

Light in Darkneſs

Iſaiaih ix. 2.

1 LIGHT of thoſe whoſe dreary dwelling
Borders on the ſhades of death,
Come! and by thy love's revealing,
Diſſipate the clouds beneath:
The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
In our deepeſt darkneſs riſe!
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-ſight on our eyes!

2 Still we wait for thine appearing,
Life and joy thy beams impart;
Chaſing all our fears, and chearing
Ev'ry poor benighted heart:
Come, and manifeſt the favour
GOD hath for our ranſom'd race;
COME, thou univerſal SAVIOUR,
Come, and bring thy goſpel-grace.

3 Save us in thy great compaſſion,
O thou mild pacific prince!
Give the knowledge of ſalvation,
Give the pardon of our ſins!
By thine all-reſtoring merit,
Ev'ry burden'd ſoul releaſe;
Ev'ry weary, wand'ring ſpirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF JESUS CHRIST.

HYMN I.

1 "AWAKE O ſword" the FATHER cries
The ſword awakes; and JESUS dies;
He bows his head beneath the ſtroke,
To free our ſouls from ſatan's yoke.

2 What

2 What mingled dignity and grace
Appear'd in our REDEEMER's face,
When he forſook the courts above,
And ſwiftly flew on wings of love!

3 Our nature with his own he joins,
And thus fulfils his grand deſigns;
The ſon of man, the ſon of GOD,
Redeems the church with his own blood.

4 How great the price Meſſiah paid,
When he his ſoul an offering made!
Behold redemption all complete!
Behold the SAVIOUR's love how great!

5 See grace and juſtice both combine!
United now, how bright they ſhine!
GOD's glory, in the croſs appears;
Sinners behold, and try your tears.

HYMN II.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from *Calvary*!
See! it rends the rocks aſunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the ſky!
"It is finiſh'd!"
Hear the dying SAVIOUR cry!

2 *It is finiſh'd!* O what pleaſure
Do theſe charming words afford!
Heav'nly bleſſings, without meaſure,
Flow to us from CHRIST the LORD.

It is finiſh'd!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 *Finiſh'd*, all the types and ſhadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finiſh'd, all that GOD had promis'd;
Death and hell no more ſhall *awe*.
It is finiſh'd.
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 [Happy ſouls, approach the table,
Taſte the ſoul-reviving food,
Nothing half ſo ſweet and pleaſant
As the SAVIOR's fleſh and blood.
It is finiſh'd!
CHRIST has borne the heavy load.]

5 Tune your harps anew, ye ſeraphs,
Join to ſing the pleaſing theme!
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praiſe IMMANUEL's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding LAMB!

HYMN III.

1 ALL ye that paſs by, to JESUS draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that JESUS ſhould die?

2 Our ranſom and peace, our ſurety he his;
Come, ſee if there ever was ſorrow like his.

3 The LORD in the day of his anger did lay
Our ſins on the LAMB, and he bore them away.

4 He

4 He dies to atone for ſins not his own;
The FATHER hath puniſh'd for us his dear SON.

5 O may we embrace the ranſoming grace
Of him who hath ſuffered, and dy'd in our place.

6 With joy we approve the deſign of his love;
'Tis a wonder below, and a wonder above.

7 My pardon I claim, for a ſinner I am;
A ſinner believing in JESUS's name.

8 He purchas'd the grace, which now I embrace;
O FATHER, thou know'ſt he hath dy'd in my place.

9 His death is my plea, my advocate ſee,
And hear the blood ſpeak which hath anſwer'd for (me.

10 When time is no more, we truſt to adore,
This ocean of love without bottom or ſhore.

HYMN IV.

Iſaiah liii. 6

1 ARISE my ſoul; with wonder ſee,
What love divine for thee hath done!
Behold thy ſorrows, ſin, and grief,
Are laid on GOD's eternal SON.

2 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down,
Did e'er ſuch love, ſuch ſorrow meet,
Or thorns compoſe ſo bright a crown!

3 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my ſoul, my life, my all.

HYMN V.

1 SURELY CHRIST thy griefs hath borne;
Weeping ſoul, no longer mourn:
See him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee:
There thy ev'ry ſin he bore;
Weeping ſouls, lament no more.

2 Weary ſinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning ſacrifice;
There th' incarnate Deity,
Number'd with tranſgreſſors, ſee;
There his FATHER's abſence mourns;
Nail'd, and bruis'd, and crown'd with thorns.

3 Caſt thy guilty ſoul on him;
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay;
Look thy doubts and care away;
Now by faith the SON embrace,
Plead his promiſe, truſt his grace.

4 LORD, thy arm muſt be reveal'd,
E'er I can by faith be heal'd:
Since I ſcarce can look to thee,
Caſt a gracious eye on me!
At thy feet myſelf I lay;
Shine, oh ſhine my fears away!

HYMN

HYMN VI.

1 ALAS! and did my SAVIOUR bleed?
And did my ſov'reign die?
Would he devote that ſacred head
For ſuch a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the ſun in darkneſs hide,
And ſhut his glories in;
When GOD the mighty maker dy'd
For man the creature's ſin.

4 Thus might I hide my bluſhing face,
While his dear croſs appears,
Diſſolve my heart in thankfulneſs,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, LORD, I give myſelf away:
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN VII.

1 "TIS FINISH'D," the REDEEMER ſaid,
And meekly bow'd his dying head;

Whilſt

Whilſt we this ſentence ſcan,
Come, ſinners, and obſerve the word,
Behold the conqueſts of the LORD,
Complete for helpleſs man.

2 FINISH'd the righteouſneſs of grace,
FINISH'd for ſinners pard'ning peace;
Their mighty debt is paid:
Accuſing law cancell'd by blood,
And wrath of an offended GOD,
In ſweet oblivion laid.

3 Who now ſhall urge a ſecond claim?
The law no longer can condemn;
Faith a releaſe can ſhew:
Juſtice itſelf a friend appears,
The priſon-houſe a whiſper hears,
"Looſe him, and let him go."

4 O unbelief, injurious bar!
Source of tormenting, fruitleſs fear,
Why doſt thou yet reply?
Where'er thy loud objections fall,
"'TIS FINISH'D," ſtill may anſwer all,
And ſilence ev'ry cry.

HYMN VIII.

1 GOD of unexampled grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praiſe
We in thy paſſion find:

Still

Still our choiceſt ſtrains we bring,
Still the joyful theme purſue;
Thee the friend of ſinners ſing,
Whoſe love is ever new.

2 Endleſs ſcenes of wonder riſe
With that myſterious tree,
Crucify'd before our eyes
Where we our Maker ſee:
JESUS, LORD, what haſt thou done!
Publiſh we the death divine,
Sing, and gaze, and fall, and own
Never was love like thine!

3 Never love, nor ſorrow, was
Like that which JESUS ſhow'd:
See him bleed on yonder croſs,
And bow beneath our load!
Now diſcern the deity,
Now his heav'nly birth declare!
Faith cries out, 'tis he——'tis he!
My GOD that ſuffers there.

4 Lift your heads with joyful hope,
Ye objects of his love;
Sing, for JESUS is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above:
Lives our head, to die no more;
Pow'r is all to JESUS giv'n,
Worſhip'd, as he was before,
Th' immortal king of heav'n.

HYMN

HYMN IX.

Isaiah liii.

1 WHO hath our report believed?
Shiloh come, is not received,
Not received by his own;
Promis'd branch from root of Jeſſe,
David's offspring ſent to bleſs ye,
Come too meekly to be known.

2 Like a tender plant that's growing
Where no water's friendly flowing,
No kind rains refreſh the ground:
Drooping, dying we ſhall view him,
See no charm to draw us to him,
There no beauty will be found.

3 Lo! Meſſiah unreſpected,
Man of griefs, deſpis'd, rejected;
Wounds his form disfiguring,
Marr'd his viſage more than any,
For he bears the ſins of many,
All our ſorrows carrying.

4 No deceit his mouth had ſpoken,
Blameleſs, he no law had broken;
Yet was number'd with the worſt:
For, becauſe the LORD wou'd grieve him,
We, who ſaw it, did believe him
For his own offences curſt.

5 But

5 But while him our thoughts accuſed,
He for us alone was bruiſed,
Stricken, ſmitten for our guilt:
With his ſtripes our wounds are cured,
By his pains our peace aſſured,
Purchas'd with the blood he ſpilt.

6 Love amazing, ſo to mind us!
Shepherd come from heaven to find us
Silly ſheep all gone aſtray!
Loſt, undone by our tranſgreſſions;
Worſe than ſtript of all poſſeſſions,
Debtors without hope to pay.

7 Fear our portion, ſlaves in ſpirit,—
He redeem'd us by his merit,
To a glorious liberty:
Dearly firſt his goodneſs bought us,
Truth and love then ſweetly taught us;
Truth and love have made us free.

8 Bleſſed be the pow'r who gave us,
Freely gave his SON to ſave us;
Bleſs'd the SON, who freely came:
Honour, bleſſing, adoration,
Ever from the whole creation
Be to GOD, and to the LAMB.

HYMN X

1 CHARG'D with the complicated load
Of our enormous debt,

By

By faith I ſee the LAMB of GOD
Expire beneath its weight.

2 My guilt transfer'd from me to him
Shall never more be found;
Loſt in his blood's atoning ſtream,
And in that fountain drown'd

3 My mighty ſins to thee are known,
But mightier ſtill is he,
Who laid his life a ranſom down
And pleads his death for me.

4 O may my life, while here below,
Be one return of love.
Till I behold thee as thou art
And chaunt thy praiſe above.

HYMN XI.

1 LET me dwell on golgotha,
Weep and love my life away!
While I ſee him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me!

2 That dear blood, for ſinners ſpilt,
Shews my ſin in all its guilt:
Ah! my ſoul, he bore thy load;
Thou haſt ſlain the LAMB of GOD.

Hark!

3 Hark! his dying word, "Forgive,
Father, let the ſinner live;
Sinner, wipe thy tears away,
I thy ranſom freely pay."

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain a pardon ſeal'd,
All my ſoft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

5 Farewell, world, thy gold is droſs,
Now I ſee the bleeding croſs;
Jeſus dy'd to ſet me free
From the law, and ſin, and thee!

6 He has dearly bought my ſoul;
Lord, accept, and claim the whole!
To thy will I all reſign,
Now, no more my own, but thine.

HYMN XII.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing ſight,
The SAVIOUR liſted high!
Behold the SON of GOD's delight
Expire in agony!

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all thoſe ſorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing ſmart,—
And meet that various ſcorn?

3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died:
'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head,
And ope'd his ſtreaming ſide.

4 I ſee, and I adore
In ſympathy of love;
I feel the ſtrong attractive pow'r
To lift my ſoul above.

5 Drawn by ſuch cords as theſe,
Let all the earth combine
With chearful ardour to confeſs
The energy divine.

6 In thee our hearts unite,
Nor ſhare thy griefs alone,
But from thy croſs purſue their flight
To thy triumphant throne.

RESURRECTION
OF
CHRIST.

HYMN I.

1 CHRIST the LORD is ris'n to-day
Sons of men and angels ſay,

Raiſe

Raiſe your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heav'ns, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our ſun's eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! he ſets in blood no more.

3 Vain the ſtone, the watch, the ſeal,
CHRIST hath burſt the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his riſe,
CHRIST hath open'd paradiſe.

4 Lives again our glorious king,
Where, O death, is now thy ſting!
Once he died our ſouls to ſave,
Where's thy victory, O grave!

5 Soar we now where CHRIST hath led,
Following our exalted head,
Made like him, like him we riſe,
Our's the croſs, the grave, the ſkies.

6 What tho' once we periſh'd all,
Partners of our parent's fall,
Second life we all receive,
Who in JESUS CHRIST believe.

7 Hail the LORD of earth and heav'n!
Praiſe to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the RESURRECTION—THOU!

8 King of glory! ſoul of bliſs!
Everlaſting life is this—
Thee to know—thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to ſing, and thus to love.

HYMN II.

1 HE dies! the friend of ſinners dies!
Lo! ſalem's daughters weep around!
A ſolemn darkneſs veils the ſkies,
A ſudden trembling ſhakes the ground!
Come, ſaints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load!
He ſhed a thouſand drops for you,
A thouſand drops of richer blood!

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The LORD of glory dies for men!
But lo! what ſudden joys we ſee!
JESUS the dead revives again!
The riſing GOD forſakes the tomb!
(The tomb in vain forbids his riſe!)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And ſhout him welcome to the ſkies!

3 Break off your tears ye ſaints! and tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns!
Sing how he ſpoil'd the hoſts of hell,
And led the monſter death in chains!
Say, "live for ever, wond'rous king!
"Born to redeem! and ſtrong to ſave:"
Then aſk the monſter—"Where's thy ſting?
"And where's thy victory, boaſting grave?"

HYMN

HYMN III.

1 YES, the REDEEMER roſe;
The SAVIOUR left the dead;
And o'er our helliſh foes
High rais'd his conquering head;
In wild diſmay
The guards around
Fall to the ground,
And ſink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full aſſembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worſhip at his feet:
Joyful they come,
And wing their way
From realms of day
To JESUS' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they ſoar on high,
What muſic fills the air!
Their anthems ſay,
"JESUS who bled
"Hath left the dead;
"He roſe to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the ſound,
Redeem'd by him from hell;
And ſend the echo round
The globe on which you dwell:

Tranſported cry,
"JESUS who bled
"Hath left the dead
"No more to die."

5 All-hail, triumphant LORD,
Who ſav'ſt us with thy blood!
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou riſing, reigning GOD!
With thee we riſe,
With thee we reign,
And empires gain
Beyond the ſkies.

HYMN IV.

1 WHEN I the holy grave ſurvey,
Where once my SAVIOR deign'd to lie;
I ſee fulfill'd what prophets ſay,
And all the power of death defy.

2 This empty tomb ſhall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death:
Sweet pledge, that all who truſt his name
Shall riſe, and draw immortal breath!

3 [Our SURETY, freed, declares us free,
For whoſe offences he was ſeiz'd:
In *his* releaſe *our own* we ſee,
And ſhout to view JEHOVAH pleas'd.]

4 JESUS, once number'd with the dead,
Unſeals his eyes to ſleep no more;

And

And ever lives, their cauſe to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

5 Thy riſen LORD, my ſoul, adore,
See the rich diadem he wears!
Thou too ſhalt bear an harp of gold,
To crown thy joy when he appears.

6 Tho' in the duſt I lay my head,
Yet, gracious GOD, thou wilt not leave
My fleſh for ever with the dead,
Nor loſe thy children in the grave.

HYMN V.

1

I Know that my REDEEMER lives,
What comfort this ſweet ſentence gives!
He lives! he lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my everlaſting head.

2 He roſe triumphant from the the grave,
He lives eternally to ſave,
He now before his FATHER GOD,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

3 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And juſtice arm'd with frowns appears;
But in the SAVIOUR's lovely face
Sweet mercy ſmiles, and all is peace.

4 Hence then, ye black deſpairing thoughts,
Above our fears, above our faults

His

His powerful interceſſions riſe,
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

5 In every dark diſtreſsful hour,
When ſin and ſatan join their power;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That JESUS bears us on his heart.

6 Great advocate, almighty friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cauſe can never, never fail,
For JESUS pleads and muſt prevail.

HYMN VI.

1 HOSANNA to the prince of light,
That cloth'd himſelf in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our IMMANUEL roſe;
He took the tyrant's ſting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh foes.

3 See how the conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his FATHER flies;
With ſcars of honour in his fleſh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 Raiſe your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bleſt abode;
Sweet be the accents of our ſongs,
To our incarnate GOD.

5 Bright

5 Bright Angels, ſtrike your loudeſt ſtrings,
Your ſweeteſt voices raiſe;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our IMMANUEL's praiſe.

COMP. PSALM II. XXIV.

ASCENSION
OF
CHRIST.

HYMN I.

1 AWAKE, ſweet gratitude, and ſing
Th' aſcended SAVIOR's love:
Sing how he lives to carry on
His people's cauſe above.

2 With cries and tears he offer'd up
His humble ſuit below;
But with authority he aſks,
Enthron'd in glory now.

3 For all that come to GOD by him,
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breaſt,
And ſpreads his wounded hands.

4 His

4 His ſweet atoning ſacrifice
Gives ſanction to his claim;
"FATHER, I will that all my ſaints
"Be with me where I am.

5 "By their ſalvation, recompenſe
"The ſorrows I endur'd;
"Juſt to the merits of thy SON,
And faithful to thy word."

6 Eternal life, at his requeſt,
To every ſaint is given:
Safety on earth, and, after death,
The plenitude of heaven.

7 [Founded on right, thy prayer avails,
The FATHER ſmiles on thee;
And now thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear LORD, remember me.

8 Let the ſweet incenſe of thy prayer
In my behalf aſcend;
And as its virtue, ſo my praiſe,
Shall never never end.]

HYMN II.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes ſurvey
Our great high prieſt above,
And celebrate his conſtant care,
And ſympathetic love.

2 Tho'

2 Tho' rais'd to a ſuperior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the ſhining train
With matchleſs honors crown'd;

3 The names of all his ſaints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor ſhall the meaneſt chriſtian ſay,
That he hath loſt his part.

4 Thoſe characters ſhall fair abide,
Our everlaſting truſt,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are moulder'd down to duſt.

5 So, gracious SAVIOUR, on my breaſt
May thy dear name be worn,
A ſacred ornament and guard,
To endleſs ages borne!

HYMN III.

1 HAIL the day that ſees him riſe,
Rāviſh'd from our wiſhful eyes;
CHRIST a-while to mortals giv'n
Re-aſcends his native heav'n,
There the pompous triumph waits,
"Lift your heads, eternal gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant ſcene,
"Take the king of glory in."

2 Circl'd round with angel-pow'rs,
Their triumphant LORD and ours,

Conqu'ror

Conqu'ror o'er death, hell, and ſin,
Take the king of glory in;
Him though higheſt heav'n receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

3 See, he lifts his hands above;
See, he ſhews the prints of love;
Hark! his gracious lips beſtow
Bleſſings on his church below;
Still for us he intercedes,
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himſelf prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.

4 Maſter (may we ever ſay)
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful ſervants ſee!
Ever gazing up to thee!
Grant, though parted from our ſight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither riſe,
Seeking thee beyond the ſkies.

5 Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our LORD ſhall come,
Longing, gaſping after home!
There may we with thee remain,
Partners of thine endleſs reign;
There thy face unclouded ſee,
Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee!

HYMN

HYMN IV.

1 WELL! the REDEEMER's gone
T' appear before our GOD,
To ſprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If juſtice calls for ſinners blood,
The SAVIOUR ſhews his own.

3 Before his FATHER's eye,
Our humble ſuit he moves;
The FATHER lays his thunder by,
And looks, and ſmiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour ſing;
JESUS the Prieſt receives our ſongs,
And bears them to the King.

HYMN V.

1 HOW glorious the LAMB
Is ſeen on the throne!
His labours are o'er,
His conqueſts are won.
A kingdom is given
Into the LAMB's hand,
In earth, and in heaven,
For ever to ſtand.

2 Ye ſinners below
Then truſt in the LORD;
Look up to his arm,
His honour, his word;
Athirſt for his favour,
His godhead adore;
Look up to your SAVIOUR,
And joy evermore!

HYMN VI.

1 LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly ſeats,
Where your REDEEMER ſtays:
Kind interceſſor, there he ſits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my ſoul, he dy'd for thee,
And ſhed his vital blood,
Appeas'd ſtern juſtice on the tree,
And then aroſe to GOD.

3 Petitions now, and praiſe may riſe,
And ſaints their off'rings bring,
The prieſt with his own ſacrifice
Preſents them to the king.

4 JESUS alone ſhall bear my cries
Up to his FATHER's throne;
He, deareſt LORD! perfumes my ſighs,
And ſweetens ev'ry groan.

6 [Ten thouſand praiſes to the king,
'Hoſanna in the high'ſt!'

Ten

Ten thouſand thanks our ſpirits bring
To GOD and to his CHRIST.]

HYMN VII.

The glory of CHRIST *in heaven.*

1 O The delights, the heav'nly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where JESUS ſheds the brighteſt beams
Of his o'erflowing grace!

2 Sweet majeſty and awful love
Sit ſmiling on his brow;
While all the glorious ranks above
At humble diſtance bow.

3 Hoſanna to our conqu'ring king!
All hail, incarnate love!
Ten thouſand thouſand glories wait,
To crown thy head above.

4 Arch-angels ſound his lofty praiſe
Through ev'ry heav'nly ſtreet;
And lay their higheſt honours down,
Submiſſive, at his feet:

5 His head, the dear majeſtic head,
Which cruel thorns did wound;
See, what immortal glories ſhine,
And circle it around!

6 This is th' eternal Son of God,
Whom we, unſeen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts ſhall love him more.

7 Now, to the Lamb, that once was ſlain,
Be endleſs bleſſings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain,
For ever on thy head.

HYMN VIII.

1 THE Saviour to glory is gone,
His ſuff'rings and ſorrows are paſt;
The work is compleated and done,
And ſhall to eternity laſt.
For ever he lives to beſtow
The bleſſings he purchas'd ſo dear;
Our boſoms with gratitude glow,
As to him by faith we draw near.

2 Expecting from him to receive
All fulneſs of glory and grace,
Rejoicing in hope we believe,
His promiſes thankful embrace:
Our king ſhall protect us from harms;
Our advocate make our plea good;
Our ſhepherd will bear in his arms
The ſheep, which he bought with his blood.

3 Our ſhepherd will point out the way,
Which leads to the manſions above;

Our

Our prieſt all our ranſom did pay,
Our friend of unchangeable love;
But whilſt to the LAMB on his throne
Our hearts and our voices we raiſe;
His glory exalted we own
Above all our bleſſing and praiſe.

COMP: PSALM 45. 72. 97. 99. 110.

DESCENT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

HYMN I.

Veni, Creator.

1 CREATOR, SPIRIT, by whoſe aid
The world's foundation firſt were laid;
Come, viſit ev'ry waiting mind,
Come, pour thy joys on human kind:
From ſin and ſorrow ſet us free,
And make us temples meet for thee.

2 Hail, ſource of uncreated light,
Illumine our dull darken'd ſight!
Thrice holy fount, immortal fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inſpire;

Come, and thy ſacred unction bring,
To ſanctify us, while we ſing.

3 Plenteous in grace, deſcend from high,
Rich in thy ſev'nfold energy;
Thou ſtrength of his almighty hand,
Whoſe pow'r doth heav'n and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And ſtamp thine image on our hearts!

4 Create all new, our wills controul,
Subdue the rebel in our ſoul;
Chaſe from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of faith, beſtow:
And, leſt again we go aſtray,
Protect and guide us in thy way!

5 Immortal honour, endleſs fame,
Attend th' almighty FATHER's name;
The SAVIOUR SON be glorify'd,
Who for loſt man's redemption dy'd;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal COMFORTER, to thee.

HYMN II.

1 COME gracious ſpirit, heavenly dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and ſtep preſide.

2 Conduct us ſafe, conduct us far
From every ſin and hurtful ſnare;

Lead

Lead to thy word for that muſt give,
And teach us leſſons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us diſplay,
And make us know and chooſe thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from GOD may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to holineſs, the road
That we muſt take to dwell with GOD:
Lead us to CHRIST, the living way,
Nor let us from his paſtures ſtray.

HYMN IV.

1 JESU, we hang upon the word
Our longing ſouls have heard from thee;
Be mindful of thy promiſe, LORD,
Thy promiſe made to all, and me:
Thy followers, who thy ſteps purſue,
Believing that our GOD is true.

2 Come then, O LORD, thyſelf reveal,
And let thy promiſe now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace:
Thy ſorrowful diſciples chear,
And ſend us down the COMFORTER.

3 Send him, O LORD, into each heart,
Our ſure, inſeparable guide:
O might we meet, and never part;
O might he in our hearts abide,

And

And keep his houſe of praiſe and pray'r,
And reſt, and reign for ever there.

4 O HOLY GHOST in mercy come!
Come thou divine thou heav'nly gueſt!
O fix in us thy conſtant home,
And reign poſſeſſor of our breaſt!
O make our ſouls thy lov'd abode
The temple of th' indwelling GOD.

HYMN IV.

1 COME, HOLY SPIRIT, come;
Let thy bright beams ariſe:
Diſpel the ſorrow from our minds,
The darkneſs from our eyes.

2 Chear our deſponding hearts,
With viſitations ſweet;
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our REDEEMER's feet.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breaſts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Convince us of our ſin,
Then lead to JESUS' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The ſecret love of GOD.

5 Shew

5 Shew us the ſinner's friend
That rules the courts of bliſs:
The LORD of hoſts, the mighty GOD,
Th' eternal prince of peace.

6 'Tis thine to cleanſe the heart,
T' illuminate the ſoul;
To pour freſh life on ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.

7 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free,
That we may know, and praiſe, and love,
The FATHER, SON, and THEE.

HYMN V.

1 AND will th' offended GOD again
Return, and dwell with ſinful men?
Will he within this boſom raiſe
A living temple to his praiſe?

2 The joyful news tranſports my breaſt,
All hail! I cry, thou heavenly gueſt,
Lift up your heads, ye powers within,
And let the king of glory in.

3 Enter with all thy heavenly train,
Here live, and here for ever reign:
Thy ſceptre o'er my paſſions ſway,
Let love command, and I'll obey.

4 Reaſon and conſcience ſhall ſubmit,
And pay their homage at thy feet:

To

To thee I'll consecrate my heart,
And bid each rival thence depart.

HYMNS
TO THE SACRED TRINITY.

HYMN I.

1 WE give immortal praise
To GOD the FATHER's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal SON,
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To GOD the SON belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us, with his blood,
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruits of all his pains.

3 To GOD the SPIRIT's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty

4 Almighty GOD, to thee
Be endleſs honours done;
The undivided THREE,
And the myſterious ONE:
Where reaſon fails with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

HYMN II.

1 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE!
As by the celeſtial hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done!
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious LORD of earth and heav'n!

2 If ſo poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All mine actions ſanctify,
All my thoughts and words receive!
Claim me for thy ſervice—claim
All I have, and all I am!

3 Take my ſoul and body's pow'rs,
Take my mem'ry, mind and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and ſpeak, and do:
Take my heart—but make it new!

4 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE,

As

As by the celeſtial hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done!
Praiſe by all to thee be giv'n,
Glorious LORD of earth and heav'n!

HYMN III.

1 BLEST be the FATHER and his love,
To whoſe celeſtial ſource we owe,
Rivers of endleſs joys above,
And rills of comfort here below!

2 Glory to thee, great SON of GOD!
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious ſtream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying ſouls.

3 We give the ſacred ſpirit praiſe,
Who in our hearts of ſin and woe,
Makes living ſprings of grace ariſe,
And into boundleſs glory flow.

4 Thus GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the SPIRIT, we adore,
That ſea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a ſhore.

HYMN IV.

1 HAIL holy, holy, holy LORD!
Be endleſs praiſe to thee!
Supreme, eſſential one, ador'd
In co-eternal three.

2 Enthron'd

2 Enthron'd in everlaſting ſtate,
Ere time its round began,
Who join'd in council to create
The dignity of man.

3 To whom Iſaiah's viſion ſhew'd,
The ſeraphs veil their wings,
While thee JEHOVAH, LORD, and GOD,
Th' angelic army ſings.

4 To thee by myſtic pow'rs on high
Where humble praiſes giv'n,
When *John* beheld with favour'd eye
Th' inhabitants of heav'n!

5 All that the name of creatures own,
To thee in hymns aſpire;
May we as angels on our thrones
For ever join the choir!

6 Hail holy, holy, holy LORD!
Be endleſs praiſe to thee;
Supreme, eſſential one, ador'd
In co-eternal three.

HYMN V.

1 FATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praiſe we give,
Who doſt an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2 Immortal honor to the SON,
Who makes thine anger ceaſe;

Our lives he ranſom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.

3 To thy almighty ſpirit be
Immortal glory given,
Whoſe influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heaven.

4 Let men, with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal GOD,
And ſpread his honors and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.

5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,
One general ſong to raiſe;
Let ſaints in earth and heaven combine,
In harmony and praiſe.

****

PRAISE to GOD the FATHER.

HYMN I.

1 LORD and GOD of heavenly pow'rs,
Hallelujah.
Their's, and O benignly our's,
Glorious king, let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chaunt thy name,

2 Bow

2 Bow thine ear in mercy low,
Hear, the world's atonement thou,
JESUS, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our ſins away.

3 Thee to laud in ſongs divine,
Angels and archangels join,
We with them our voices raiſe,
Echoing thine eternal praiſe.

4 Holy, holy, holy LORD!
Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd,
Full of thee, they ever cry,
"Glory be to GOD, on high," Hallelujah.

HYMN II.

1 GLORY be to GOD on high,
GOD whoſe glory fills the ſky;
Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,
Man, the well-belov'd of heav'n.

2 Sov'reign FATHER, heav'nly king,
Thee we now preſume to ſing;
Glad thine attributes confeſs,
Glorious all, and numberleſs.

3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd!
Hail, the everlaſting LORD!
Thee, with thankful hearts, we prove
LORD of pow'r, and GOD of love.

4 CHRIST, our LORD, and GOD, we own,
CHRIST, the FATHER's only SON;

LAMB of GOD, for ſinners ſlain,
SAVIOUR of offending man.

5 Pow'rful advocate with GOD,
Juſtify us by thy blood;
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the worlds atonement Thou!

The Eternity of GOD. PSALM 90.

HYMN III.

The divine Glories above our Reaſon.

1 HOW wond'rous great, how glorious brigh
Muſt our Creator be,
Who dwells amidſt the dazzling light
Of vaſt infinity!

2 Our ſoaring ſpirits upwards riſe
T'ward the celeſtial throne:
Fain would we ſee the bleſſed THREE,
And the almighty ONE.

3 Our reaſon ſtretches all its wings,
And climbs above the ſhies;
But ſtill how far beneath thy feet
Our grov'ling reaſon lies!

4 [LORD, here we bend our humble ſouls,
And awfully adore:

For

For the weak pinions of our mind
Can ſtretch a thought no more.]

5 Thy glories infinitely riſe
Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the higheſt ſeraph tries
To form an equal ſong.

6 [In humble notes our faith adores
The great myſterious king,
While angels ſtrain their nobler pow'rs,
And ſweep th' immortal ſtring.]

HYMN IV.

1 MEET and right it is to ſing
Glory to our GOD and king:
Meet in ev'ry time and place,
To rehearſe his ſolemn praiſe.

2 Join, ye ſaints, the ſong around,
Angels help the chearful ſound;
Publiſh thro' the world abroad
Glory to th' eternal GOD.

3 Praiſes here to thee we give,
Gracious thou our thanks receive;
Holy FATHER, ſov'reign LORD,
Ev'ry where be thou ador'd!

4 Tho' th' injurious world exclaim,
Sing we ſtill in JESU's name;

SAVIOUR, thee we ever bleſs,
Thee our LORD and GOD confeſs.

GOD's majeſty and Pow'r. PSALM 29, 95, 99, 144.

HYMN V.

1 NOW, to the pow'r of GOD ſupreme,
Be everlaſting honours giv'n:
He ſaves from hell, (we bleſs his name!)
He calls loſt wand'ring ſouls to heav'n.

2 Not for our duties or deſerts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works ſalvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praiſe.

3 'Twas his own purpoſe that begun
To reſcue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in CHRIST his SON,
Before he ſpread the ſtarry ſky.

4 JESUS the LORD appears at laſt,
And makes his FATHER's counſels known;
Declares the great tranſactions paſt,
And brings immortal bleſſings down.

GOD's goodneſs. PSALM 145.

HYMN VI.

GOD *glorious, and Sinners ſaved.*

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory ſhines!
How high thy wonders riſe!
Known through the earth by thouſand ſigns,
By thouſands through the ſkies.

2 Thoſe mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r;
Their motions ſpeak thy will:
And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience ſtill.

3 But, when we view thy great deſign
To ſave rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compaſſion ſhine
In their divineſt forms;

4 Our thoughts are loſt in joyful awe;
We love, and we adore!
The firſt arch-angel never ſaw
So much of GOD before.

5 Here the whole DEITY is known;
Nor dares a creature gueſs,
Which of the glories brighteſt ſhone,
The juſtice, or the grace.

6 When ſinners broke the FATHER's laws,
The dying SON atones:
O the ſweet myſt'ries of his croſs!
The triumph of his groans!

7 Now the full glories of the LAMB
Adorn the heav'nly plains:
Bright cherubs learn IMMANUEL's name,
And try their choiceſt ſtrains.

8 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN VII.

1 TO GOD the only wiſe,
Our SAVIOUR and our king,
Let all the ſaints below the ſkies,
Their humble praiſes bring.

2 'Tis his almighy love,
His counſel, and his care,
Preſerves us ſafe from ſin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful ſnare.

3 He will preſent our ſouls
Unblemiſh'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great,

4 Then all the choſen ſeed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bleſs the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our REDEEMER-GOD
Wiſdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majeſty,
And everlaſting ſongs

GOD's glory in Creation. Vide PSALM 8. 19, 104, 136, 147, 148,

HYMN VIII.

1 MY maker and my king,
To thee my all I owe;
Thy ſov'reign bounty is the ſpring
From whence my bleſſings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind,
A thouſand reaſons move,
A thouſand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live;
My GOD, thy benefits demand
More praiſe than life can give.

4 O! what can I impart,
When all is thine before?
Thy love demands a thankful heart;
The gift, alas! how poor!

5 Shall I withold thy due?
And ſhall my paſſions rove?
LORD, form this wand'ring heart anew,
And fill it with thy love.

6 O let thy grace inſpire
My ſoul with ſtrength divine,
Let all my pow'rs to thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine.

HYMN IX.

Thy Word is Truth

John xvii. 17.

1 MY hiding place, my refuge, tow'r
And ſhield, art thou, O LORD,
I firmly anchor all my hopes,
On thy unerring word.

2 Engrav'd, as in eternal braſs,
Thy mighty promiſe ſhines!
Nor can the pow'rs of darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting lines.

3 The ſacred word of grace is ſtrong,
As that which built the ſkies,
The voice which rolls the ſtars along,
Spake all the promiſes.

4 My hiding place, my refuge, tow'r
And ſhield, art thou, O LORD,
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

HYMN X.

The majesty of GOD.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty!
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe:
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles satan's deep designs;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own SON came down and dy'd,
T' engage his justice on our side.

5 Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.

6 And will this glorious LORD descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join:
Heav'n is secure, if GOD be mine.

HYMN XI.

The divine Sovereignty.

1 OUR GOD reigns, ye lands, rejoice.
Lift, ye iſles, a thankful voice;
Every throne by one controul'd,
Well ſecures the paſſive world.

2 Higher than the ſons of pride,
He bids raging waves ſubſide;
Whate'er ſtrifes the nations fill,
The whole centers to his will.

3 How unfathomably wiſe,
Beauteous too his counſel lies!
Ev'ry way his will is done,
Ev'ry way his juſtice ſhown.

4 Thoughts are vain againſt the LORD,
All ſubſerves his ſtanding word;
Satan lets, and men object,
Yet the thing they thwart, effect.

5 Subjects of the LORD, be bold,
JESUS will his kingdom hold;
Wheels encircling wheels muſt run,
Each in place to bring it on.

6 Bleſt is faith, that truſts his pow'r,
Bleſts are ſaints that wait his hour;
Haſte, great conqu'ror bring it near,
Let the glorious cloſe appear.

GOD's Providence. Vide PSALM 104, 147,

HYMN XII.

The Myſteries of Providence.

1 LORD, how myſterious are thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praiſe!
Thy ſteps can mortal eyes explore?
'Tis ours to wonder, and adore.

2 Thy deep decrees from creature ſight
Are hid in ſhades of awful night;
Amid the lines, with curious eye,
Not angel-minds preſume to pry.

3 Great GOD! I would not aſk to ſee
What in futurity ſhall be;
If light and bliſs attend my days,
Then let my future hours be praiſe.

4 Is darkneſs and diſtreſs my ſhare?
Then let me truſt thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length thro' ev'ry cloud ſhall ſhine.

5 Yet this my ſoul deſires to know,
Be this my only wiſh below;
"That CHRIST is mine!"— this great requeſt
Grant, bounteous GOD: and I am bleſt.

HYMN XIII.

1 GOD of all redeeming grace,
By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
Up to thee our ſouls we raiſe,
Up to thee our bodies yield.

2 Thou our ſacrifice receive,
Acceptable thro' thy SON;
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

3 Juſt it is, and good and right,
That we ſhou'd be wholly thine,
In thine only will delight,
In thy bleſſed ſervice join.

4 O that ev'ry thought and word
Might proclaim how good thou art;
HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD,
Still be written on our heart!

HYMN XIV.

The divine perfection.

1 HOW ſhall I praiſe th' eternal GOD,
That infinite unknown?
Who can aſcend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne?

2 The great inviſible! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light;
But his all-ſearching eye reveals
The ſecrets of the night.

3 Thoſe watchful eyes that never ſleep,
Survey the world around;
His wiſdom is a boundleſs deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd

4 Speak

4 Speak we of ſtrength? his arm is ſtrong,
To ſave or to deſtroy:
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endleſs is his joy.

5 He knows no ſhadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promiſes.

6 Sinners before his preſence die:
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealouſy
Burn like devouring flame.

7 Juſtice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of GOD,
While mercy ſends her pardons down,
Bought with a SAVIOUR's blood.

8 Now to my ſoul, immortal king!
Speak ſome forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to ſing
The glories of my LORD.

HYMN XV.

GOD's *condeſcenſion.*

1 THUS ſaith the high and lofty one,
'I ſit upon my holy throne;
'My name is GOD; I dwell on high;
'Dwell in my own eternity.

 2 'But

2 'But I descend to worlds below;
'On earth I have a mansion too:
'The humble spirit and contrite
'Is an abode of my delight.

3 'The humble soul my words revive,
'I bid the mourning sinner live;
'Heal all the broken hearts I find,
'And ease the sorrows of the mind.'

4 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve,
The methods of thy chast'ning love.

HYMN XVI.

GOD's *care of his Servants.* *

1 THO' troubles assail,
And dangers affright,
Tho' friends should all fail,
And foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The scripture assures us,
The LORD will provide.

2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread

His

* Vide PSALM 23, 46, 48, 91.

His ſaints, what is fitting,
Shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written,
The LORD will provide.

3 No ſtrength of our own,
Or goodneſs we claim;
Yet ſince we have known
The SAVIOUR's great name,
In this our ſtrong tower
For ſafety we hide,
The LORD is our power,
The LORD will provide.

4 When life ſinks apace,
And death is in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us thro':
No fearing or doubting
With CHRIST on our ſide,
We hope to die ſhouting,
THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

HYMN XVII.

The pardoning GOD.

1 GREAT GOD of wonders, all thy ways
Are matchleſs, godlike and divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More godlike and unrivall'd ſhine.
Who is a pard'ning GOD like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

2 Crimes of ſuch horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring worms to ſpare;
This is thy grand prerogative,
And none ſhall in the honour ſhare.
Who &c.

3 Angels and men, reſign your claim
To pity, mercy, love and grace;
Theſe glories crown JEHOVAH's name,
With an incomparable blaze.
Who &c.

4 In wonder loſt, with trembling joy
We take the pardon of our GOD,
Pardon for crimes of deepeſt dye,
A pardon bought with JESU's blood.
Who &c.

5 O may this ſtrange, this matchleſs grace,
This godlike miracle of love,
Fill the wide earth with grateful praiſe,
And all th' angelic hoſts above!
Who is a pard'ning GOD like thee?
Or who has grace ſo rich and free?

VIDE PSALM 101.

HYMN XVIII.

GOD's *faithfulneſs.*

1 OUR GOD! how firm his promiſe ſtands
Ev'n when he hides his face,
He truſts in our REDEEMER's hands
His glory and his grace.

2 Then

2 Then why, my ſoul, theſe ſad complaints,
Since CHRIST and we are one?
Thy GOD is faithful to his ſaints,
Is faithful to his SON.

3 Beneath his ſmiles my heart hath liv'd,
And part of heav'n poſſeſs'd;
I praiſe his name for grace receiv'd.
And truſt him for the reſt.

4 JESUS, my GOD; I know his name,
His name is all my truſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.

5 Firm as his throne, his promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure
What I've committed to his hands,
'Till the deciſive hour.

6 Then will he own my worthleſs name,
Before his FATHER's face,
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

VIDE PSALM 89.

HYMN XIX.

Mercy. *

1 THY mercy, my GOD, is the theme of my ſong
The joy of my heart, and the boaſt of my tongue:
Thy free grace, alone, from the firſt to the laſt,
Has won my affections, and bound my ſoul faſt.

2 Without

* Vide PSALM 103, 138.

2 Without thy ſweet mercy, I could not live here;
Sin ſoon would reduce me to utter deſpair:
But thro' thy free goodneſs, my ſpirits revive,
And he that firſt made me, ſtill keeps me alive.

3 Whene'er I miſtake, thy kind mercy begins
To melt me, and then I can mourn for my ſins,
And led by thy ſpirit, to JESUS's blood,
My ſorrows are dry'd, and my ſtrength is renew'd.

4 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardneſs depart;
Diſſolv'd by thy preſence I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praiſe of the mercy I found.

5 The doors of thy mercy ſtand open all day,
To the poor and the needy who knock by the way:
Thy merey is endleſs, moſt tender, and free;
No ſinner need doubt, ſince 'tis given to me.

6 Dear FATHER, thy merciful word is my all;
Thy promiſe ſupports me when ready to fall:
When enemies croud, to cauſe doubt and deſpair,
I conquer them all by thy ſpirit of pray'r.

7 Thy mercy in JESUS exempts me from hell;
Its glories I ſing, its wonders I'll tell:
'Twas JESUS *my* friend, when he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercy for *me*.

8 Great FATHER of mercies, thy goodneſs I own,
And the covenant-love of thy crucify'd Son:
All praiſe to the ſpirit, whoſe whiſpers divine
Seal mercy, and pardon, and right'ouſneſs, *mine*.

HYMN

HYMN XX.

1 THE God of *Abr'ham* praiſe,
Who reigns enthron'd above;
Ancient of everlaſting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heav'n confeſt!
I bow and bleſs the ſacred name,
For ever bleſt.

2 The God of *Abr'ham* praiſe,
At whoſe ſupreme command
From earth I riſe, and ſeek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forſake,
It's wiſdom, fame, and pow'r;
And him my only portion make,
My ſhield and tow'r.

3 The God of *Abr'ham* praiſe,
Whoſe all-ſufficient grace
Shall guide me, all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himſelf my God!
And he ſhall ſave me to the end,
Thro' Jesus' blood.

4 He by himſelf hath ſworn;
I on his oath depend:
I ſhall, on eagles' wings upborne,
To heav'n aſcend!

I ſhall behold his face,
I ſhall his pow'r adore;
And ſing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

5 The goodly land I ſee,
With peace and plenty bleſt;
A land of ſacred liberty,
And endleſs reſt:
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With glory crown'd.

6 There dwells the LORD our king,
The LORD our righteouſneſs;
Triumhphant o'er the world and ſin,
The prince of peace:
On Sion's ſacred height
His kingdom ſtill remains;
And glorious, with his ſaints in light,
For ever reigns.

7 Before the great THREE-ONE
His ſaints exulting ſtand;
And ſhout the wonders grace hath done,
Through all their land:
The liſt'ning ſpheres attend,
And ſwell the growing fame;
And ſing, in ſongs that never end,
The wond'rous NAME.

8 The TRIUNE GOD on high
The glad arch-angels ſing;
And "holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty king!
"Who waſt, and art, the ſame;
"And evermore ſhalt be:
"Hail, FATHER, SPIRIT, SON! I AM!
"We worſhip thee."

9 Before the SAVIOUR's face
The ranſom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd by his almighty grace,
The ſeraphs glow;
He ſhews his ſcars of love!
They kindle to a flame;
And ſound, through all the worlds above,
The ſlaughter'd LAMB.

10 The whole triumphant hoſt
Give thanks to God on high:
Hail, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
They ever cry.
Hail *Abr'ham*'s GOD and *mine!*
I join the heav'nly lays:
All might and majeſty are thine,
And endleſs praiſe.

PRAISE to GOD the SON.

HYMN I.

1 THE ETERNAL ſpeaks, all heav'n attends
"Who, that unhappy RACE defends,
"While JUSTICE aims the blow?
"See, *Nature*, trembles at her fate!
"*Death*, with his iron ſcepter waits!
"*Hell*, opes her adamantine gates!
"And triumphs at her woe!——

2 "Which of ye bright, celeſtial THRONG,
"With love ſo warm and heart ſo ſtrong,
"Dares languiſh on a *Croſs*?
"*Who*, can leave liberty for chains?
"Abandon extacy for pains?
"What ANGELS fortitude ſuſtain
"Th' ineſtimable loſs"?

3 HE ſaid.——a death-like ſilence reign'd,
Deep was their awe: the radiant BAND
The mighty *Taſk* declin'd.——
At length HEAVEN's PRINCE the ſilence broke,
And ardent, thus the SIRE beſpoke:
"None but THY SON, can ward the *Stroke*,
"Then, let the *Taſk* be MINE.

4 "MINE, be the feeble INFANT-STATE:
"MINE, in return for love, be hate;

A *Manger* be my *Throne*;
" *Pain*, when THY *Glory* calls, is *Bliſs*:
" When MAN's in *Danger*, *Torture's Peace*:
" *Shame's Praiſe*: a *Paradiſe* th' *Abyſs*;
" Then, yield THY *darling* SON!"

5 Th' ALMIGHTY-RADIENCE ſmil'd aſſent;
Loud was the ſhout, that th' *Æther* rent:
All HEAVEN was in Amaze!
" Go, MY lov'd IMAGE (ſaid the SIRE,)
" Be born, in *Anguiſh* to expire!
" EARTH triumph! ANGELS ſtrike the Lyre!
" To everlaſting praiſe!"

HYMN II.

1 FROM heav'n the loud, th' angelic ſong began,
It ſhook the ſkies, and reach'd aſtoniſh'd man;
By man re-echo'd, it ſhall mount again,
While fragrant odours fill the bliſsful plain.

2 Worthy the LAMB of boundleſs ſway,
In earth or heav'n the LORD of all;
Ye princes, rulers, powers, obey,
And low before his footſtool fall.

3 The deed was done; the LAMB was ſlain;
The groaning earth the burthen bore:
He roſe, he lives; he lives to reign,
Nor time ſhall ſhake his endleſs pow'r.

4 From heav'n, from earth, loud burſts of praiſe
The mighty bleſſings ſhall proclaim;
Bleſſings that earth to glory raiſe;
The purchaſe of the wounded LAMB.

5 Higher, ſtill higher, ſwell the ſtrain;
Creation's voice the note prolong;
The LAMB ſhall ever, ever reign:
Let hallelujahs crown the ſong, Hallelujah.

HYMN III.

GOD *the* SON *equal with the* FATHER.

1 BRIGHT king of glory, awful GOD!
Our ſpirits bow before thy ſeat;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worſhip at thine awful feet.

2 Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wiſdom ſways
All nature with a ſov'reign word:
And the bright world of ſtars obeys
The will of their ſuperior LORD.

3 Mercy and truth unite in one,
And ſmiling ſit at thy right hand;
Eternal juſtice guards thy throne,
And veng'ance waits thy dread command.

4 A thouſand ſeraphs ſtrong and bright
Stand round the glorous deity;
But who amongſt the ſons of of light
Pretends compariſon with thee?

5 Yet

5 Yet there is one of human frame,
JESUS, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with GOD.

6 Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one:
Though they are known by diff'rent names,
The FATHER GOD, and GOD the SON.

7 Then let the name of CHRIST our king
With equal honours be ador'd;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own the LORD.

HYMN IV.

1 OUR shepherd alone
The LORD let us bless,
Who reigns on the throne
The prince of our peace:
Who evermore saves us
By shedding his blood:
All hail, holy JESUS,
Our LORD and our GOD!

2 We daily will sing
Thy merits, thy praise,
Thou merciful spring
Of pity and grace:
Thy kindness for ever
To men we will tell,
And say, our dear SAVIOUR
Redeems us from hell.

3 Preſerve us in love,
While here we abide;
Nor never remove,
Nor cover, nor hide,
Thy glorious ſalvation,
Till joyful we ſee
The beautiful viſion
Compleated in thee!

HYMN V.

1 THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from INMANUEL's veins;
And ſinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Waſh all my ſins away.

3 Dear dying LAMB, thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its pow'r;
'Till all the ranſom'd church of GOD
Be ſav'd, to ſin no more.

4 May I, by faith, behold the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply!
Then love divine ſhall be my theme,
From henceforth till I die.

5 Then in a nobler ſweeter ſong
I'll ſing thy pow'r to ſave;

When

When this poor liſp'ng ſtamm'ring tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave.

HYMN VI.

1 HAIL! thou once deſpiſed JESUS:
Hail! thou galilean king!
Who didſt ſuffer to releaſe us,
Who didſt free ſalvation bring!
Hail thou glorious GOD and SAVIOUR,
Who haſt borne our ſin and ſhame.
By whoſe merits we find favour,
Life is giv'n thro' thy name! 1

2 Paſchal LAMB by GOD appointed,
All our ſins were on thee laid!
By almighty love anointed,
Thou haſt full atonement made:
Every ſin may be forgiven,
Thro the virtue of thy blood,
Open'd is the gate of heaven,
Peace is made 'twixt man and GOD.

3 JESUS hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide!
All the heav'nly hoſts adore thee,
Seated at thy FATHER's ſide:
There for ſinners thou art pleading,
"Spare them yet another year"—
Thou for ſaints are interceding,
'Till in glory they appear.

3 Worſhip, honour, pow'r and bleſſing,
CHRIST is worthy to receive——
Loudeſt praiſes without ceaſing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic ſpirits,
Bring your ſweeteſt nobleſt lays,
Help to ſing our JESU's merits;
Help, to chaunt IMMANUEL's praiſe.

HYMN VII.

CHRIST *our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, &c.*

1 Cor. i. 30.

1 BURY'D in ſhadows of the night,
We lie, 'till CHRIST reſtores the light;
Wiſdom deſcends to heal the blind,
And chaſe the darkneſs of the mind.

2 Our guilty ſouls are drown'd in tears,
'Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep diſtreſs,
And ſing, *The* LORD *our Righteouſneſs*;

3 JESUS beholds where *Satan* reigns,
Binding his ſlaves in heavy chains,
He ſets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

4 Poor helpleſs worms in thee poſſeſs,
Grace, wiſdom, pow'r, and righteouſneſs;
Thou art our mighty all, may we
Give our whole ſelves, O LORD, to thee

HYMN

HYMN VIII.

1 LAMB of GOD, we fall before thee,
Humbly truſting in thy croſs;
That alone be all our glory,
All things elſe are dung and droſs;
Thee we own a perfect SAVIOUR,
Only ſource of all that's good:
Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry favour
Come to us thro' JESU's blood.

2 JESUS gives us true repentance
By his ſpirit ſent from heav'n;
JESUS whiſpers this ſweet ſentence,
"Son, thy ſins are all forgiv'n;"
Faith he gives us to believe it;
Grateful hearts his love to prize;
Want we wiſdom? he muſt give it;
Hearing ears, and ſeeing eyes,

3 JESUS gives us pure affections,
Wills to do what he requires;
Makes us follow his directions,
And what he commands, inſpires.
All our pray'rs, and all our praiſes,
Rightly offer'd in his name,
He that dictates them is JESUS;
He that anſwers, is the ſame.

4 When we live on JESU's merit,
Then we worſhip GOD aright:
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
Then we ſavingly unite.

This

This the whole concluſion of it;
Great or good whate'er we call,
God, or king, or prieſt, or prophet,
Jesus Christ is all in all.

HYMN IX.

Christ *our great* Melchiſedec.

1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No muſic like thy charming name,
Ne'er half ſo ſweet can be.
O may we ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us ſpeak,
And in our prieſt will we rejoice,
Thou great *Melchiſedec*.

2 Our Jesus ſhall be ſtill our theme,
While in this world we ſtay,
We'll ſing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things elſe decay:
When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud,
And Christ ſhall be our ſong.

HYMN X.

1 LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind:

T

T' adore the all-atoning LAMB,
And bleſs the ſound of JESU's name.

2 JESUS! tranſporting ſound;
The joy of earth and heav'n,
No other help is found,
No other name is giv'n
By which we can ſalvation have—
But JESUS came the world to ſave.

3 JESUS! harmonious name!
It charms the hoſts above!
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love!
'Tis all their happineſs to gaze,
'Tis heaven to ſee our JESU's Face.

4 His name the ſinner hears,
And is from ſin ſet free;
'Tis muſic in his ears,
'Tis life and victory:
New ſongs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy!

HYMN XI.

1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark deſpair
We wretched ſinners lay,
Without one chearing beam of hope,
Or ſpark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the prince of grace
Beheld our helpleſs grief;

He ſaw, and (O, amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the ſhining ſeats above,
With joyful haſte he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal fleſh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their laſting ſilence break,
And all harmonious human tongues,
The SAVIOUR's praiſes ſpeak!

5 Angels aſſiſt our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raiſe your higheſt notes
His love can ne'er be told!

HYMN XII.

1 ARRAY'D in mortal fleſh,
Lo, the great angel ſtands!
And holds the promiſes,
And pardons in his hands:
Commiſſion'd from his FATHER's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.

2 Great prophet of our GOD,
Our tongues would bleſs thy name!
By thee the joyful news
Of our ſalvation came:
The joyful news of ſins forgiv'n,
Of hell ſubdu'd and peace with heav'n.

3 JESUS,

3 JESUS, our great high prieſt,
Offer'd his blood and died;
My guilty ſoul ſhall ſeek
No ſacrifice beſide:
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 Our advocate appears
For our defence on high,
The FATHER bows his ears
And lays his thunder by:
Thro' him our pray'rs acceptance gain,
Thro' him we hope in heav'n to reign.

HYMN XIII.

CHRIST *a perfect* SAVIOUR.

1 LET us love, and ſing, and wonder;
Let us praiſe the SAVIOUR's name!
He hath huſh'd the law's loud thunder;
He has quench'd mount *Sinai*'s flame;
Let us love the LORD that bought us,
Pity'd us when enemies;
Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes;

2 Let us ſing, tho' fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down;
JESUS is our ſtrong ſalvation,
He will ſurely give the crown:
Let us wonder! grace and juſtice
Join and point to mercy's ſtore;

When

When, through grace, in CHRIST our truſt is,
Juſtice ſmiles, and aſks no more:

3 Let us praiſe, and join the chorus
Of the ſaints enthron'd on high!
Here they truſted him before us;
Now their praiſes fill the ſky:
Yes, we praiſe thee, gracious SAVIOUR,
Wonder, love, and bleſs thy name:
Pardon, LORD, our poor endeavour!
Pity, for thou know'ſt our frame.

HYMN XIV.

1 NOW for a tune of lofty praiſe,
To great JEHOVAH'S equal SON!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How ſwift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlaſting love.

3 Deep in the ſhades of gloomy death
Th' almighty captive pris'ner lay;
Th' almighty captive left the earth,
And roſe to everalſting day.

4 Lift up your eyes, ye ſons of light,
Up to his throne of ſhining grace;
See what immortal glories ſit
Round the ſweet beauties of his face!

5 Amongſt

5 Amongſt a thouſand harps and ſongs,
JESUS the GOD exalted reigns,
His ſacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

HYMN XV.

CHRIST's *Commiſſion.*

1 RAISE your triumphant ſongs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth reſound the deeds,
Celeſtial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched race
From their Abyſs of Woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terror clouds his brow;
No frowns to drive our guilty ſouls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When CHRIST was ſent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, ſinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeleſs ſorrows ceaſe:
Bow to the ſceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

6 May we obey the call!
And lay an humble claim
To the ſalvation he hath brought,
And love, and praiſe his name.

HYMN XVI.

CHRIST's *Compaſſion for the tempted.*

Heb. ii. 17, 18.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high-prieſt above;
His heart is made of tenderneſs,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a ſympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the ſame.

3 He, in the days of feeble fleſh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears:
And in his meaſure feels afreſh,
What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the ſmoaking flax,
But raiſe it to a flame:
The bruiſed reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt name.

5 Then, let our humble faith addreſs
His mercy and his pow'r;
We ſhall obtain delivering grace
In the diſtreſſing hour.

HYMN XVII.

The name of JESUS,

1 HOW ſweet the name of JESUS ſounds
In a believer's ear!
It ſoothes his ſorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded ſpirit whole,
And calms the troubled breaſt;
'Tis manna to the hungry ſoul,
And to the weary reſt.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My ſhield and hiding place;
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd
With boundleſs ſtores of grace.

4 By thee my pray'rs acceptance gain,
Altho' with ſin defil'd;
Satan accuſes me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

5 JESUS! my ſhepherd, huſband, friend,
My prophet, prieſt, and king;
My LORD, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praiſe I bring.

6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmeſt thought;
But when I ſee thee as thou art,
I'll praiſe thee as I ought.

7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath;
And may the muſic of thy name
Refreſh my ſoul in death.

HYMN XVIII.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis muſic to my ear;
Fain wou'd I ſound it out ſo loud
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my ſoul,
My tranſport, and my truſt;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is ſordid duſt.

3 All my poor guilty ſoul can need,
In thee moſt richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light ſo dear,
Nor friendſhip half ſo ſweet.

4 O may thy grace ſtill chear my heart!
And ſhed its fragrance there!
The nobleſt balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll ſpeak the honours of thy name
With my laſt lab'ring breath;
When ſpeechleſs, claſp thee in my arms;
Thou antidote of death!

HYMN XIX.

1 O For a ſweet inſpiring ray,
To animate our feeble ſtrains,
From the bright realms of endleſs day,
The bliſsful realms where JESUS reigns!

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring ſaints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worſhip, own
His ſmile their bliſs, their heav'n, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujah's riſe:
And love, and joy, and triumph, ſpread
Through all the regions of the ſkies.

4 He ſmiles, and ſeraphs tune their ſongs
To boundleſs rapture while they gaze:
Ten thouſand, thouſand joyful tongues
Reſound his everlaſting praiſe.

5 There all the ranſom'd of the LAMB
Shall join, at laſt, the heav'nly choir:
O may the joy-inſpiring theme
Now warm our hearts with holy fire!

6 Dear SAVIOUR, let thy SPIRIT ſeal
Our title to that bliſsful place;
'Till death removes this earthly vail,
And glory crowns thy ſaving grace.

HYMN XX.

1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in JESU's name,
Ye who JESU's kindneſs prove,
Triumph in REDEEMING LOVE.

2 Ye who ſee the FATHER's grace,
Beaming in the SAVIOUR's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs REDEEMING LOVE.

3 Mourning ſouls, dry up your tears,
Baniſh all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curſe remove,
Cancell'd by REDEEMING LOVE.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing ſlaves of death and ſin,
Now from bliſs no longer rove,
Stop—and taſte REDEEMING LOVE,

5 Welcome all by ſin oppreſt,
Welcome to his ſacred reſt,
Nothing brought him from above;
Nothing but REDEEMING LOVE.

6 He ſubdu'd th' infernal pow'rs,
Thoſe tremendous foes of ours,
From their curſed empire drove,
Mighty in REDEEMING LOVE.

7 Hither

7 Hither then your muſic bring,
Strike aloud each joyful ſtring,
Mortals join the hoſts above,
Join to praiſe Redeeming Love.

HYMN XXI.

1 COME, let us all unite to praiſe
The Saviour of mankind,
Our thankful hearts in ſolemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how ſhall duſt his worth declare,
When angels try in vain;
Their faces veil when they appear
Before the ſon of man.

3 O Lord, we cannot ſilent be,
By love we are conſtrain'd
To offer our beſt thanks to thee,—
Our Saviour, and our friend!

4 Tho' feeble are our beſt eſſays,
Thy love will not deſpiſe
Our grateful ſongs of humble praiſe,
Our well-meant ſacrifice.

5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodneſs ſhow,
And ſpread abroad thy fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praiſe o'erflow,
And bleſs thy ſacred name!

6 Worſhip

6 Worſhip and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our JESUS giv'n!
By men below,—by hoſts above,—
By all in earth and heav'n!

HYMN XXII.

1 AWAKE, and ſing the ſong
Of *Moſes* and the LAMB:
Wake, every heart, and ev'ry tongue,
To praiſe the SAVIOUR's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his riſing pow'r;
Sing how he intercedes, above,
For thoſe whoſe ſins he bore.

3 Sing, 'till we feel our hearts
Aſcending with our tongues:
Sing, 'till the love of ſin departs,
And grace inſpires our ſongs.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ranſom'd ſinners, ſing;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In CHRIST th' eternal king.

5 Soon ſhall we hear him ſay,
"Ye bleſſed children, come:"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wand'rers home.

6 There

6 There ſhall our raptur'd tongue
His endleſs praiſe proclaim;
And ſing, in ſweeteſt notes, the ſong
Of *Moſes* and the LAMB.

HYMN XXIII.

1 TO our REDEEMER's glorious name,
Awake the ſacred ſong!
O may his love, (immortal flame!)
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue diſplay?
Imaginations utmoſt ſtretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder ſtill with love unite,
And gratitude and joy;
Be JESUS our ſupreme delight,
His praiſe our beſt employ.

4 JESUS, who left his throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliſs,
And came to earth to bleed and die—
Was ever love like his?

5 Dear LORD, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May ev'ry heart with rapture ſay,
The SAVIOUR died for me.

6 O may the ſweet, the bliſsful theme,
Fill ev'ry heart and tongue,
Till ſtrangers love thy charming name,
And join the ſacred ſong.

HYMN XXIV.

1 COME heav'nly love, inſpire my ſong
With thy immortal flame,
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue
The SAVIOUR's lovely name.

2 The SAVIOUR! O what endleſs charms
Dwell in the bliſsful ſound!
Its influence ev'ry fear diſarms,
And ſpreads ſweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effuſion flow,
For guilty rebels loſt in ſin,
And doom'd to endleſs woe.

4 GOD's only SON, (ſtupendous grace!)
Forſook his throne above,
And ſwift to ſave our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 Th' Almighty former of the ſkies
Stoop'd to our vile abode;
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes
And hail'd th' incarnate GOD.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliſs a boundleſs ſtore!
Dear SAVIOUR, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wiſh for more,

7 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy croſs I fall,
My LORD, my life, my ſacrifice,
My SAVIOUR, and my all.

HYMN XXV.

Conſolation of Iſrael.

Luke ii. 25.

1 COME, thou long expected JESUS,
Born to ſet thy people free;
From our fears and ſins releaſe us,
Let us find our reſt in thee:
Iſrael's ſtrength and conſolation,
Hope of all the ſaints thou art,
Dear deſire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal ſpirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-ſufficient merit,
Raiſe us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN

HYMN XXVI.

1 O For a thouſand tongues to ſing
My dear REDEEMER's praiſe,
The glories of my GOD and king,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 JESUS! the name that charms our fears,
And bids our ſorrows ceaſe;
'Tis muſic in the ſinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd ſin,
He ſets the pris'ners free;
His blood can make the fouleſt clean,
His blood avail'd for *me*.

4 Hear him, ye deaf; his praiſe, ye dumb,
Your looſen'd tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold your SAVIOUR come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

5 Truſt in his name, and ye ſhall know,
Shall feel, your ſins forgiv'n;
Anticipate your heav'n below,
And own, his love is heav'n.

HYMN XXVII.

1 TH' extent of JESU's love
What heart can comprehend?
A breadth whoſe diſtance none can prove,
A length without an end;

The

The firſt-born ſeraphs try
The myſt'ry to explore;
Yet cannot trace it out; for why?
The curſe they never bore.

2 The grace unſearchable,
Tranſcending human thought,
Who, who, in earth or heav'n can tell,
Or find the wonder out?
All the angelic choir
Unite to give him praiſe:
And ſaints redeeming love admire,
And loud hoſannas raiſe.

3 To CHRIST we lift our voice,
Who have redemption found;
And in his name alone rejoice,
Whence all our joys abound:
This cures the burden'd mind,
This calms the troubled heart;
This manifeſts the SAVIOUR kind,
And bids our fears depart.

HYMN XXVIII.

1 BEGIN, ye ſaints, the happy ſong,
Let love inſpire the theme,
'Tis JESUS's grace
That calls for our praiſe,
'Twas JESUS alone did redeem.

2 When juſtice fix'd the ſinner's fate
In endleſs woe to dwell,

'Twas JESUS that ſtood
Reſiſting to blood,
And ranſom'd the ſinner from hell.

3 Our only advocate and friend,
The mighty work he wrought;
When he bow'd his head,
'Tis finiſh'd, he ſaid;
O ſinner, exult at the thought!

4 A ſpotleſs victim to the croſs
Himſelf he thus reſign'd,
Then enter'd the grave
The wretched to ſave,
The poor, and the halt, and the blind.

5 Lo! now in bliſs our cauſe he pleads,
'Till we behold his face;
Unchangeable love
To us he will prove.
Eternal in mercy and grace.

6 Then let us lift our loudeſt praiſe
To Sion's holy king;
He's worthy we own
Who ſits on the throne;
Hoſanna to JESUS we ſing.

HYMN XXIX.

1 O Thou in whom the gentiles truſt,
Thou only holy, only juſt;
Tune all our hearts to praiſe thy name,
JESUS, unchangeable the ſame!

2 If

2 If angels, while to thee they ſing,
Wrap up their faces in their wing;
How ſhall we ſinful duſt draw nigh
Thy great and awful majeſty?

3 Where ſhall I fit my thankful tongue
To join with heav'ns unnumber'd throng?
Or how prepare my humble lay,
Rightly thy glory to diſplay?

4 Angels alone, and ſaints above,
Sinleſs, and perfected in love;
Can utter thy exalted praiſe,
And ſing the honours of thy grace.

5 Glory to thee, auſpicious LAMB!
Thou holy LORD, thou great I AM!
Let all our pow'rs unite to bleſs
The LORD our ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

6 Live, ever glorious JESUS! live,
Worthy all bleſſing to receive!
Worthy on high enthron'd to ſit
With ev'ry pow'r beneath thy feet.

HYMN XXX.

1 COME let us join our chearful ſongs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thouſand thouſand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 *Worthy the* LAMB *that dy'd*, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the LAMB, our lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

3 JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred name
Of him that ſits upon the throne,
And to adore the LAMB.

5 O may I bear ſome humble part
In that immortal ſong!
Wonder and joy ſhall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue!

HYMN XXXI.

1 OF him who did ſalvation bring,
LORD, may we ever think and ſing!
Ariſe, ye guilty, he'll forgive:
Ariſe, ye needy, he'll relieve.

2 Eternal LORD, almighty king,
All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring!
Thou conquer'ſt all beneath, above,
Devils with force, and men with love!

3 To ſave from ſin CHRIST ſhed his blood,
He died to bring us near to GOD;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but CHRIST ſuch love could ſhew.

HYMN XXXII.

1 NOW to the LORD, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler praiſe above.

2 'Twas he that cleans'd our fouleſt ſins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt blood;
'Tis he that makes us prieſts and kings,
And brings us rebels near to GOD.

3 To JESUS our atoning prieſt,
To JESUS our ſuperior king,
Be everlaſting pow'r confeſs'd,
And ev'ry tongue his glories ſing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And ev'ry eye ſhall ſee him move;
Tho' with our ſins we pierc'd him once;
Then he diſplays his pard'ning love.

5 Bleſſings for ever on the LAMB,
Who bore the curſe for wretched men;
Let angels ſound his ſacred name,
And ev'ry creature ſay, Amen.

HYMN XXXIII.

The voice of CHRIST.

1 HARK! my ſoul, it is the LORD!
'Tis thy SAVIOUR, hear his word;
JESUS ſpeaks, and ſpeaks to thee,
Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me?

2 I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wand'ring, ſet thee right,
Turn'd thy darkneſs into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Ceaſe toward the child ſhe bare?
Yes, ſhe may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, ſtrong as death.

5 Thou ſhalt ſee my glory ſoon,
When the work of grace is done
Partner of my throne ſhalt be,
Say, poor ſinner, lov'ſt thou me?

6 LORD, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

HYMN

HYMN XXXIV.

1 NOW to the LORD a noble ſong!
Awake, my ſoul; awake my tongue;
Hoſanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundleſs love proclaim.

2 See where it ſhines in JESUS' face,
The brighteſt image of his grace;
GOD, in the perſon of his SON,
Hath all his mightieſt works outdone.

3 The ſpacious earth, and ſpreading flood,
Proclaim the wiſe and pow'rful GOD;
And thy rich glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling ſtar.

4 But in thy looks a glory ſtands,
The nobleſt labour of thy hands:
Redemption beaming in his eyes,
Outſhines the wonders of the ſkies.

5 Grace! 'tis a ſweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice in JESUS' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the ſound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And ſing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN

HYMN XXXV.

1 BRETHREN, let us join to bleſs
JESUS CHRIST, our joy and peace;
Let our praiſe to him be giv'n,
High at GOD's right hand in heav'n!

2 Maſter, ſee! to thee we bow,
Thou art LORD, and only thou;
Thou the bleſſed virgin's ſeed,
Glory of thy church, and head.

3 Thee the angel ceaſeleſs ſing,
Thee we praiſe our prieſt and king
Worthy is thy name of praiſe,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 Thou haſt the glad tidings brought,
Of ſalvation by thee wrought;
Wrought for all thy church! and we
Worſhip in their company.

5 We thy little flock adore
Thee the LORD, for evermore!
Ever with us ſhew thy love,
'Till we join with thoſe above!

HYMN XXXVI.

1 JESU, my SAVIOUR, in thy face,
The eſſence lives, of every grace;
All things beſide, which charm the ſight,
Are ſhadows tipt with glow-worm light.

2 Thy

2 Thy beauty, LORD, the enraptur'd eye,
Which fully views it firſt muſt die,
Then let me die, thro' death to know,
That joy I ſeek in vain below.

HYMN XXXVII.

1 INFINITE grace! almighty love!
Stand in amaze, yé rolling ſkies!
JESUS, the GOD, extends his arms
Upon a croſs of love, and dies!

2 Did pity ever ſtoop ſo low,
Dreſs'd in divinity and blood?
Well may the church-triumphant bow,
And ſing to their incarnate GOD.

3 There glory ſhines in ev'ry face;
Their friendſhip ſmiles in ev'ry eye:
There ſhall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the ſky.

4 O'er all the names of CHRIST our king
Shall our melodious voices rove:
Our harps ſhall ſound, from ev'ry ſtring,
The wonders of his bleeding love.

HYMN XXXVIII.

Praiſe to the REDEEMER.

1 MIGHTY GOD, while angels bleſs thee,
May an infant liſp thy name?

LORD

LORD of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

2 LORD of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy juſt and lawful praiſe. Hal.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a ſeraph's thought,
For created works of power,
Works with ſkill and kindneſs wrought. Hal.

4 For thy providence that governs
Thro' thine empire's wide domain;
Wings an angel, guides a ſparrow,
Bleſſed be thy gentle reign. Hal.

5 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark thro' brightneſs all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expreſſion,
Who dare ſing that awful ſong? Hal.

6 Brightneſs of the FATHER's glory,
Shall thy praiſe unutter'd lie?
Fly my tongue ſuch guilty ſilence!
Sing the LORD who came to die. Hal.

7 Did archangels chaunt thy coming?
Did the ſhepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuſe to praiſe. Hal.

8 From the higheſt throne in glory,
To the croſs of deepeſt woe;
All to ranſom guilty captives,
Flow my praiſe, for ever flow. Hal.

9 Go return, immortal SAVIOR,
Leave thy footſtool, take thy throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thine own.
Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN XXXIX.

The condeſcending grace of CHRIST.

Matt. xx. 28.

1 SAVIOR of men, and LORD of love,
How ſweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review,
On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honour to obey
Their great eternal king;

3 For us, mean, wretched, ſinful men,
Thou laid'ſt that glory by;
Firſt in our mortal fleſh to ſerve,
Then in that fleſh to die.

4 Bought with thy ſervice and thy blood,
We doubly, LORD, are thine;

To

To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death reſign.

HYMN XL.

The dying Love of CHRIST, *conſtraining to thankful Devotion*, 2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

1 SEE, LORD, thy willing ſubjects bow,
Adoring low before thy throne:
Accept our humble, cheerful vow,
Thou art our ſovereign, thou alone.

2 Beneath thy ſoul-reviving ray,
E'en cold affliction's wintry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.

3 Smile on our ſouls, and bid us ſing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our SAVIOR king,
The condeſcenſions of his love.

4 Amazing love! that ſtoop'd ſo low,
To view with *Pity*'s melting eye
Vile men, deſerving endleſs woe!
Amazing love!—did JESUS *die?*

5 He died, to raiſe to life and joy
The vile, the guilty, the undone;
O let his praiſe each hour employ,
'Till hours no more their circles run!

6 He

6 He died!—ye ſeraphs, tune your ſongs,
Reſound, reſound the SAVIOR's name:
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

HYMN XLI.

The exalted SAVIOR.

1 NOW let us raiſe our cheerful ſtrains;
And join the bliſsful choir above;
There our exalted SAVIOR reigns,
And there they ſing his wond'rous love.

2 While ſeraphs tune the immortal ſong,
O may we feel the ſacred flame;
And every heart and every tongue
Adore the SAVIOR's glorious name!

3 JESUS, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd;
Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

4 JESUS, who dy'd that we might live,
Dy'd in the wretched traitor's place;—
O what returns can mortals give,
For ſuch immeaſurable grace?

5 Were univerſal nature ours,
And art with all her boaſted ſtore;
Nature and art with all their powers,
Would ſtill confeſs the offerer poor!

6 Yet tho' for bounty, ſo divine!
We ne'er can equal honors raiſe,
JESUS, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praiſe!

HYMN XLII.

The Humiliation, Exaltations, and Triumphs of CHRIST, Phil. ii. 8, 9. Col. ii. 15.

1 THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brighteſt monument of praiſe
That e'er the GOD of love deſign'd,
Employs and fills my laboring mind.

2 Begin, my ſoul, the heavenly ſong,
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel ſounds theſe awful things,
He tunes and ſummons all his ſtrings.

3 Proclaim inimitable love,
JESUS, the LORD of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the GOD in mortal clay.

4 He that diſtributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans:
The prince of life reſigns his breath,
The king of glory bows to death.

5 But ſee the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour,
And, while by ſatan's rage he fell,
He daſh'd the riſing hopes of hell.

6 Thus

6 Thus were the hoſts of death ſubdu'd,
And ſin was drown'd in JESU's blood:
Then he aroſe, and reigns above,
And conquers ſinners by his love.

7 Who ſhall fulfil this boundleſs ſong?
The theme ſurmounts an angel's tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal airs,
When Gabriel's nobler harp deſpairs!

HYMN XLIII.

The unſearchable Riches of CHRIST.

Eph. iii. 8.

1 HOW ſhall I my SAVIOR ſet forth?
How ſhall I his beauties declare?
O how ſhall I ſpeak of his worth,
Or what his chief dignities are?
His angels can never expreſs,
Nor ſaints who ſit neareſt his throne,
How rich are his treaſures of grace;—
No! this is a myſt'ry unknown.

2 In him all the fulneſs of GOD
For ever tranſcendently ſhines;
Tho once like a mortal he ſtood
To finiſh his gracious deſigns:
Tho' once he was nail'd to the croſs,
Vile rebels like us to ſet free,
His glory ſuſtained no loſs,
Eternal his kingdom ſhall be.

3 His wiſdom, his love, and his power,
Seem'd then with each other to vie
When ſinners he ſtoop'd to reſtore,
Poor ſinners condemned to die!
He laid all his grandeur aſide,
And dwelt in a cottage of clay:
Poor ſinners he lov'd, till he dy'd
To waſh their pollutions away.

4 O ſinners, believe and adore
This SAVIOR ſo rich to redeem!
No creature can ever explore
The treaſures of goodneſs in him:
Come, all ye who ſee yourſelves loſt
And feel yourſelves burden'd with ſin,
Draw near while with terror you're toſs'd;
Believe, and your peace ſhall begin.

5 Now, ſinners, attend to his call,
"Whoſo hath an ear let him hear,"
He promiſes mercy to all
Who feel their ſad wants, far and near;
He riches has ever in ſtore,
And treaſures that never can waſte:
Here's pardon, here's grace, yea and more,
Here's glory eternal at laſt.

HYMN XLIV.

CHRIST's *interceſſion typified by* Aaron's *Breaſt-plate*, Exodus xxviii. 29.

1 NOW let our cheerful eyes ſurvey
Our great high prieſt above,

And

And celebrate his conſtant care,
And ſympathetic love.

2 Tho' rais'd to a ſuperior throne,
Where angels bow around,
And high o'er all the ſhining train
With matchleſs honors crown'd;

3 The names of all his ſaints he bears
Deep graven on his heart;
Nor ſhall the meaneſt chriſtian ſay,
That he hath loſt his part.

4 Thoſe characters ſhall fair abide,
Our everlaſting truſt,
When Gems, and monuments, and crowns
Are moulder'd down to duſt.

5 So, gracious SAVIOR, on my breaſt
May thy dear name be worn,
A ſacred ornament and guard,
To endleſs ages borne!

HYMN XLV.

Deſire of all Nations.

Hag. ii. 7. Cant. i. 3.

1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely prince of grace!
Thy uncreated beauties ſhine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners

2 Sinners from earth's remoteſt end
Come bending at thy feet;
To thee their prayers and vows aſcend,
In thee their wiſhes meet.

3 Thy name, as precious ointment ſhed,
Delights the church around;
Sweetly the ſacred odors ſpread
Thro' all IMMANUEL's ground.

4 Millions of happy ſpirits live
On thy exhauſtleſs ſtore;
From thee they all their bliſs receive,
And ſtill thou giveſt more.

5 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Thro' all eternity.

HYMN XLVI.

Forerunner and Foundation of our hope,

Heb. vi. 19, 20.

1 JESUS the LORD, our ſouls adore,
A painful ſufferer now no more;
High on his FATHER's throne he reigns
O'er Earth, and heaven's extenſive plains.

2 His race for ever is complete;
For ever undiſturb'd his ſeat;

Myriads

Myriads of angels round him fly,
And ſing his well-gain'd victory.

3 Yet, 'midſt the honours of his throne,
He joys not for himſelf alone;
His meaneſt ſervants ſhare their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.

4 Raiſe, raiſe, my ſoul, thy raptur'd ſight,
With ſacred wonder and delight;
JESUS thy own forerunner ſee
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.

5 Loud let the howling tempeſt yell,
And foaming waves to mountains ſwell,
No ſhipwreck can my veſſel fear,
Since hope hath fix'd its anchor here.

HYMN XLVII.

King of Saints.

1 COME, ye that love the SAVIOR's name,
And joy to make it known,
The ſovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your king, your SAVIOR crown'd
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright thoſe glories ſhine.

3 Infinite power, and boundleſs grace,
In him unite their rays:

You

You that have e'er beheld his face,
Can you forbear his Praiſe?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our king;
We long to love as angels do,
We wiſh like them to ſing.

5 And ſhall we long and wiſh in vain?
LORD, teach our ſongs to riſe!
Thy love can animate the ſtrain,
And bid it reach the ſkies,

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth ſhall raiſe,
With all their powers, the raptur'd lay,
To celebrate thy praiſe.

HYMN XLVIII.

Prophet, Prieſt, and King.

1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS, how precious is thy name!
The great JEHOVAH'S EQUAL, thou!
O let me catch the immortal flame,
With which angelic boſoms glow!
As angels love thee, I would love,
And imitate the bleſs'd above.

2 My *Prophet* thou, my heavenly guide,
Thy ſweet inſtructions I will hear;

The

The words that from thy lips proceed,
O how divinely ſweet they are!
Thee my great *Prophet* I would love,
And imitate the bleſs'd above.

3 My great *High-Prieſt*, whoſe precious blood
Did once atone upon the croſs;
Who now doſt intercede with GOD,
And plead the friendleſs ſinner's cauſe:
In thee I truſt: thee I would love,
And imitate the bleſs'd above.

4 My *King* ſupreme, to thee I bow,
A willing ſubject at thy feet;
All other Lords I diſavow,
And to thy government ſubmit:
My SAVIOR *King*, this heart would love,
And imitate the bleſs'd above.

HYMN XLIX.

Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification, & Redemption,

1 Cor. i. 30, 31.

1 MY GOD, aſſiſt me, while I raiſe
An anthem of harmonious praiſe;
My heart thy wonders ſhall proclaim,
And ſpread its banners in thy name.

2 In CHRIST I view a ſtore divine;
My FATHER, all that ſtore is thine;
By thee prepar'd, by thee beſtow'd;
Hail to my SAVIOR, and my GOD!

3 When

3 When gloomy ſhades my ſoul o'erſpread,
"Let there be light," th' almighty ſaid;
And CHRIST, my ſun, his beams diſplays,
And ſcatters round celeſtial rays.

4 Condemn'd thy criminal I ſtood,
And awful juſtice aſk'd my blood;
That welcome SAVIOR from thy throne
Brought righteouſneſs and pardon down.

5 Ye ſaints, aſſiſt my grateful tongue;
Ye angels warble back my ſong:
For love like this demands the praiſe
Of heavenly harps, and endleſs days.

HYMN L.

Our Righteouſneſs,

Jer. xxiii. 6.

1 SAVIOR divine, we know thy name,
And in that name we truſt;
Thou art the LORD our righteouſneſs,
Thou art thine *Iſrael*'s boaſt.

2 Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in duſt we lie,
'Till JESUS ſtretch his gracious arm
To bring the guilty nigh.

3 The ſins of one moſt righteous day
Might plunge us in deſpair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years
Shall our great ſurety clear.

4 Pardon

4 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope
To ſinners now are given;
Iſrael and *Judah* ſoon ſhall change
Their wilderneſs for heaven.

6 With joy we taſte that manna now,
Thy mercy ſcatters down;
We ſeal onr humble vows to thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.

HYMN LI.

A Song of Praiſe to CHRIST.

1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the SAVIOR's name
Your nobleſt powers exert
To celebrate his fame:
Tell all above, and all below.
The debt of love, to him you owe.

2 Such was his zeal for GOD,
And ſuch his love for you,
He nobly undertook
What angels could not do:
His every deed of love and grace
All words exeeed, and thoughts ſurpaſs.

3 He left his ſtarry crown,
And laid his robes aſide;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;

What

What he endur'd, O who can tell?
To ſave our ſouls from death and hell.

4 From the dark grave he roſe,
The manſion of the dead;
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up thro' the ſky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, my SAVIOR GOD.

5 From thence he'll quickly come,
His chariot will not ſtay,
And bear our ſpirits home
To realms of endleſs day:
There ſhall we ſee his lovely face,
And ever be in his embrace.

6 JESUS, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love:
Yet, tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, to thee we give:
The gift, tho' ſmall, thou wilt receive.

HYMN LII.

1 SHALL loyal nations hail the day,
That crowns their king with loud acclaim?
And ſhall not ſaints their homage pay
To their beloved SAVIOR's name?

Ye

Ye ſaints, reſound in joyful ſtrains,
JESUS the king of glory reigns!

2 JESUS who vanquiſh'd all your foes,
Who came to ſave, who reigns to bleſs;
From him your every comfort flows,
Life, Liberty, and joy, and peace.
Reſound, reſound in joyful ſtrains,
JESUS the king of glory reigns!

3 Yes, thou art worthy, deareſt LORD,
Of univerſal endleſs praiſe;
With every power to be ador'd,
That men or angels e'er can raiſe.
Let heaven and earth unite their ſtrains,
JESUS the king of glory reigns!

4 How mean the tribute mortals pay,
How cold the heart, how faint the tongue!
But, LORD, thy great triumphant day
Shall tune a more exalted ſong;
Reſounding in immortal ſtrains,
JESUS the king of glory reigns!

5 He comes, he comes with triumph crown'd,
In dazzling robes of light array'd,
Faith wiews the ſplendor dawning round,
Earth's faireſt luſtre ſinks in ſhade,
Reſound, reſound in joyful ſtrains,
JESUS the king of glory reigns!

HYMN LIII.

Praiſe to the REDEEMER.

1 PREPARE a thankful ſong
To the REDEEMER's name!
His praiſes ſhould employ each tongue,
And ev'ry heart inflame!

2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endur'd,
That rebels, ſuch as you and I,
From wrath might be ſecur'd.

3 Upon the croſs he dy'd,
Our debt of ſin to pay;
The blood and water from his ſide
Waſh guilt and ſin away.

4 Jesus now pleading ſtands,
For us, before the throne,
And anſwers all the law demands
With what himſelf hath done.

5 The Holy Ghoſt he ſends,
Our ſtubborn ſouls to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

6 The love of ſin departs,
The life of grace takes place,
Soon as his voice invites our hearts
To riſe and ſeek his face.

7 The world and ſatan rage,
But he their pow'r controuls;
His wiſdom, love, and truth, engage
Protection for our ſouls.

8 Aſſur'd that CHRIST, our king,
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle ſing,
And triumph while we fight.

HYMN LIV.

JEHOVAH-JESUS.

1 MY ſong ſhall bleſs the LORD of all,
My praiſe ſhall climb to his abode;
Thee, SAVIOUR, by that name I call,
The GREAT, SUPREME, the MIGHTY GOD.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of ſenſe;
Eternal ages ſaw him ſhine,
He ſhines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the ſky,
As when the ſix days work he made
Fill'd all the morning-ſtars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns JEHOVAH bears,
Salvation is his deareſt claim;
That gracious ſound well pleas'd he hears,
And owns EMMANUEL for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I ſee:
My boſom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worſhip him who dy'd for me.

6 As man, he pities my complaint,
His pow'r and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Salvation's ſure, and muſt be mine.

HYMN LV.

Salvation.

1 SALVATION! what a glorious plan,
How ſuited to our need!
The grace that raiſes fallen man
Is wonderful indeed!

2 'Twas wiſdom form'd the vaſt deſign,
To ranſom us when loſt;
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the coſt.

3 Strict juſtice, with approving look,
The holy cov'nant ſeal'd;
And truth and power undertook
The whole ſhould be fulfill'd.

4 Truth, wiſdom, juſtice, pow'r, and love,
In all their glory ſhone,
When Jesus left the courts above,
And dy'd to ſave his own.

5 Truth

5 Truth, wiſdom, juſtice, pow'r, and love,
Are equally diſplay'd,
Now JESUS reigns enthron'd above,
Our advocate and head.

6 Now ſin appears deſerving death,
Moſt hateful and abhor'd;
And yet the ſinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the LORD.

HYMN LVI.

1 NOW may the LORD reveal his face,
And teach our ſtamm'ring tongues
To make his ſov'reign, reigning grace,
The ſubject of our ſongs!
No ſweeter ſubject can invite
A ſinner's heart to ſing,
Or more diſplay the glorious right
Of our exalted king.

2 This ſubject fills the ſtarry plains
With wonder, joy, and love;
And furniſhes the nobleſt ſtrains
For all the harps above:
While the redeem'd in praiſe combine
To grace upon the throne,
Angels in ſolemn chorus join,
And make the theme their own.

3 Grace reigns, to pardon crimſon ſins,
To melt the hardeſt hearts;

And from the work it once begins
It never more departs.
The world and ſatan ſtrive in vain
Againſt the choſen few;
Secur'd by grace's conqu'ring reign,
They all ſhall conquer too.

4 Grace tills the ſoil, and ſows the ſeeds,
Provides the ſun and rain;
Till from the tender blade proceeds
The ripen'd harveſt grain.
'Twas grace that call'd our ſouls at firſt;
By grace thus far we're come;
And grace will help us thro' the worſt,
And lead us ſafely home.

5 Lord, when this changing life is paſt,
If we may ſee thy face,
How ſhall we praiſe and love at laſt,
And ſing the reign of grace!
Yet let us aim, while here below,
Thy mercy to diſplay;
And own, at leaſt, the debt we owe,
Altho' we cannot pay.

HYMN LVII.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful ſound!
'Tis pleaſure to our ears!
A ſov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears!

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The ſpacious earth around,

While

While all the armies of the ſky
Conſpire to raiſe the ſound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding LAMB,
To thee the thanks belong:
Salvation ſhall inſpire my heart,
And dwell upon my tongue.

CHORUS.

Glory, honour, praiſe and power,
Be unto the LAMB for ever,
JESUS CHRIST is our REDEEMER,
Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praiſe the LORD.

HYMN LVIII.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming ſound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heav'n with the echo ſhall reſound,
And all the earth ſhall hear.

2 Grace firſt contriv'd a way
To ſave rebellious man:
And all the ſteps that grace diſplay,
Which drew the wond'rous plan.

3 Grace taught my wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road:
And new ſupplies each hour I meet,
While preſſing on to GOD.

4 Grace

4 Grace taught my ſoul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow:
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.

5 Grace all the work ſhall crown,
Through everlaſting days:
It lays in heaven the top-moſt ſtone,
And well deſerves the praiſe.

6 O let thy grace inſpire
My ſoul with ſtrength divine!
May all my pow'rs to thee aſpire,
And all my days be thine.

HYMN LIX.

1 ALL hail the pow'r of JESU's name!
Let angels proſtrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him LORD of all.

2 Let high-born ſeraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown him LORD of all.

3 Crown him, ye martyrs of your GOD,
Who from his ALTAR call:
Go—ſpread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him LORD of all.

4 (Babes, men, and ſires, who know his love,
Who feel your ſin and thrall,

Now

Now joy with all the hoſts above,
And crown him LORD of all.)

5 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terreſtial ball,
To him all majeſty aſcribe,
And crown him LORD of all.

6 O that with wonder, ſacred throng,
WE at his feet may fall;
WE'LL join the *everlaſting* ſong,
And crown him LORD of all.

HYMN LX.

Worthy the LAMB.

1 GLORY to GOD on high!
Let earth and ſkies reply;
Praiſe ye his name:
His love and grace adore,
Who all our ſorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the LAMB.

2 JESUS, our LORD and GOD,
Bore ſin's tremendous load,
Praiſe ye his name:
Tell what his arm hath done,
What ſpoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone;
Worthy the LAMB.

3 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praiſing his name:
Ye who believe his blood
Doth ſeal your peace with GOD,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the LAMB.

4 Join, all ye ranſom'd race,
Our holy LORD to bleſs;
Praiſe ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noiſe,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the LAMB.

5 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we ſhall never ceaſe
Praiſing his name:
To him our ſongs we bring,
Hail him, our gracious king,
And without ceaſing ſing,
Worthy the LAMB.

6 Then let the hoſts above,
In realms of endleſs love,
Praiſe his dear name:
To him aſcribed be
Honor and majeſty,
Thro' all eternity;
Worthy the LAMB.

HYMN LXI.

JESUS *ſeen of Angels.*

1 Tim. iii. 16.

1 O Ye immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble ſong
To make the SAVIOR known:
On earth ye knew
His wond'rous grace,
His beauteous face
In heaven ye view.

2 Ye ſaw the heaven-born child
In human fleſh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid:
And praiſe to GOD,
And peace on earth,
For ſuch a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the wilderneſs
Beheld the tempter ſpoil'd,
Well known in every dreſs,
In every combat foil'd:
And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When ſatan fled
Before his frown.

4 Around

4 Around the bloody tree
Ye preſs'd with ſtrong deſire,
That wond'rous ſight to ſee,
The LORD of life expire;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In ſad ſurpriſe.

5 Around his ſacred tomb
A willing watch ye keep;
Till the bleſt moment come
To rouſe him from his ſleep:
Then roll'd the ſtone,
And all ador'd
Your riſing LORD,
With joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in light
The ſhining conqueror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of GOD;
And wav'd around
Your golden wings,
And ſtruck your ſtrings
Of ſweeteſt ſound.

7 The warbling notes purſue,
And louder anthems raiſe;
While mortals ſing with you
Their *own* REDEEMER's praiſe:
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the ſame,
Perform thy part.

HYMN LXII.

Transfiguration.

Matt. xvii. 4.

1 WHEN at this diſtance, LORD, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What tranſport pours o'er all our breaſt,
And charms our cares and woes to reſt!

2 With thee in the obſcureſt cell
On ſome bleak mountain would I dwell,
Rather than pompous courts behold,
And ſhare their grandeur and their gold.

3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy!
Raptures divine my thoughts employ:
I ſee the king of glory ſhine;
And feel his love, and call him mine.

4 On tabor, thus his ſervants view'd
His luſtre, when transform'd he ſtood;
And bidding earthly ſcenes farewel,
Cried, "LORD, 'tis pleaſant here to dwell."

5 Yet ſtill our elevated eyes
To nobler viſions long to riſe;
That grand aſſembly would we join,
Where all thy ſaints around thee ſhine.

6 That mount how bright! thoſe forms how fair!
'Tis good to dwell for ever there:
Come, death, dear envoy of my GOD,
And bear me to that bleſt abode.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

HYMN I.

Humiliation & Repentance.

1 HOW ſad our ſtate by nature is,
Our ſin how deep it ſtains!
And ſatan binds our captive ſouls
Faſt in his ſlaviſh chains.

2 But there's a voice of ſov'reign grace
Sounds from GOD's ſacred word;
Ho! ye deſpairing ſinners, come
And truſt upon the LORD.

3 O may we hear th' almighty call,
And run to this relief!
We would believe thy promiſe, LORD,
O help our unbelief!

4 To the bleſt fountain of thy blood,
Teach us, O LORD, to fly:
There may we waſh our ſpotted ſouls
From crimes of deepeſt dye!

HYMN II.

1 O For a cloſer walk with GOD,
A calm and heav'nly frame!

A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the LAMB!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the LORD?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of JESUS and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But now I find an aching void,
Which only GOD can fill.

4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that make me mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with GOD,
Calm and serene my frame:
And purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the LAMB.

HYMN III.

1 SAVIOUR! and can it be,
That thou shouldst dwell with me!
From thine high and lofty throne,
Throne of everlasting bliss;

Will thy majeſty ſtoop down,
To ſo mean an houſe as this!

2 I am not worthy, LORD,
So vile, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
Thee, my GOD, to entertain
In this poor polluted heart:
I am a frail ſinful man,,
All my nature cries, "Depart!"

3 Yet come! thou heav'nly gueſt,
And purify my breaſt!
Come! thou great and glorious king!
While before thy croſs I bow,
With thyſelf ſalvation bring,
Cleanſe the houſe by ent'ring now!

HYMN IV.

1 O Thou, whoſe tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble cry;
Whoſe hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
From ſorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn!
Thyſelf haſt bid me ſeek thy face;
Thyſelf haſt ſaid, return.

3 And ſhall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Thy word of promiſe cannot fail,
My tow'r of ſafe retreat.

4 Abſent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray;
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How deſolate my way!

5 O ſhine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy ſhine;
And let thy SPIRIT's voice impart
A taſte of joys divine!

6 Thy preſence only can beſtow
Delights which never cloy;
Be this my comfort here below,
And my eternal joy.

7 When trials vex my doubting mind,
To thy dear wounds I'll flee:
No ſhelter can I elſewhere find;
No refuge, but in thee.

8 To thee my cauſe I recommend,
To thee for help I call:
On thee for future grace depend,
And truſt thee for my all.

HYMN V.

1 GOD of my ſalvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply would I now draw near,
Thy bleſſing to receive;
Full of guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy wounds for refuge flee,

Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs LAMB,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

2 Standing now as newly ſlain,
To thee I lift mine eye:
Balm of all my grief and pain,
Thy blood is always nigh:
Now, as yeſterday, the ſame
Thou art, and wilt for ever be;
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs LAMB,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

3 Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,
Nor can thy grace procure:
Empty ſend me not away,
For I, thou know'ſt, am poor;
Duſt and aſhes is my name,
My all is ſin and miſery:
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs LAMB,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

4 Without money, without price,
I come thy love to buy;
From myſelf I turn my eyes,
The chief of ſinners I.
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me loſe myſelf in thee.
Friend of ſinners, ſpotleſs LAMB,
Thy blood was ſhed for me.

HYMN VI.

1 DEEP in the duſt, before thy throne,
Our guilt and our diſgrace we own;

Great

Great God, we own th' unhappy name,
Whence ſprung our nature, and our ſhame.

2 But whilſt our ſpirits fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We ſing the honours of thy grace,
That ſent to ſave our ruin'd race.

3 We ſing thine everlaſting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own;
Adam, the ſecond, from the duſt
Raiſes the ruins of the firſt.

4 Where ſin did reign, and death abound,
There have the ſons of Adam found
Abounding life; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteouſneſs.

HYMN VII.

The Penitent.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy ſeat
Preſumes to lift his eyes.

2 O let not juſtice frown me hence:
Stay, ſtay the vengeful ſtorm:
Forbid it that omnipotence
Should cruſh a feeble worm.

3 If tears of ſorrow would ſuffice
To pay the debt I owe,

Tears

Tears ſhould from both my weeping eyes
In ceaſeleſs torrents flow.

4 But no ſuch ſacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but thoſe which thou haſt ſhed,
No blood, but thou haſt ſpilt.

5 Think of thy ſorrows, dearest LORD,
And all my ſins forgive:
Juſtice will well approve the word,
That bids the ſinner live.

VIDE PSALM LI. CXXX.

FAITH.

HYMN I.

Eph. ii. 8.

1 FAITH!—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is beſtow'd!
It boaſts of a celeſtial birth,
And is the gift of GOD!

2 JESUS it owns a king,
An all-atoning prieſt,

It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in CHRIST.

3 To him it leads the ſoul,
When fill'd with deep diſtreſs;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And truſts his righteouſneſs.

4 Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
LORD, ſend the ſpirit of thy SON
To work this faith in me.

HYMN II.

The Power of Faith.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliſs,
And ſaves me from its ſnares:
Its aid in every duty brings,
And ſoftens all my cares:

2 Extinguiſhes the thirſt of ſin,
And lights the ſacred fire
Of love to GOD, and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure deſire.

3 The wounded conſcience knows its power
The healing balm to give;
That balm the ſaddeſt heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celeſtial worlds,
Where deathleſs pleaſures reign;

And

And bids me ſeek my portion there,
Nor bids me ſeek in vain:

5 Shews me the precious promiſe, ſeal'd
With the REDEEMER's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to reſt
Upon a faithful GOD.

6 There, there unſhaken would I reſt,
'Till this vile body dies;
And then on faith's triumphant wings
At once to glory riſe.

HYMN III.

1 PAST is the dire decree! to die
Appointed man thou art:
And after death, for judgment nigh,
Sinner prepare thy heart.

2 Conſcious of evils, many, great
My ſpirit faints with fear;
Before thy awful judgment's ſeat,
LORD, how ſhall I appear?

3 Look to my croſs (the SAVIOUR ſaid)
I died that thou ſhould'ſt live;
Thy ſins were on my body laid
I peace and pardon give;

4 Look to my croſs, believe, adore,
Enter my promis'd reſt:
And let dark guilt, and fears, no more
Diſturb thy throbbing breaſt.—

5 On my bright throne I ſoon ſhall come
Complete ſalvation bring,
And take my ranſom'd people home
Prepare to meet your king.

6 Come quickly LORD, all praiſe to thee;
I've nought to apprehend,
Since in the judge himſelf I ſee
My SAVIOUR and my friend.

HYMN IV.

1 WHEN I ſurvey the wond'rous croſs
On which the prince of glory dy'd,
My richeſt gain I count but loſs,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, LORD, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in the croſs of CHRIST my GOD;
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his blood.

HYMN V.

1 NOT all the blood of beaſts
On jewiſh altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty conſcience peace,
Or waſh away the ſtain.

2 But CHRIST the heav'nly LAMB
Takes all our ſins away;
A ſacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I ſtand,
And there confeſs my ſin.

4 My ſoul looks back to ſee
The burdens thou didſt bear
When hanging on the curſed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing we rejoice
To ſee the curſe remove;
We bleſs the LAMB with cheerful voice,
And ſing his bleeding love.

HYMN VI.

1 BEHOLD the LAMB of GOD, who bore
Thy burdens on the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful ſcore,
The ranſom due for thee.

2 Look to him, 'till the ſight endears
The SAVIOUR to thy heart:
His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his croſs depart.

3 Look to him, 'till his dying love
Thy every thought controul;
Its vaſt conſtraining influence prove
O'er body, ſpirit, ſoul.

4 Look to him, as the race you run,
Your never failing friend:
Finiſh he will the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

HYMN VII.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in bleſſing,
Which before the croſs I ſpend;
Life, and health, and peace poſſeſſing,
From the ſinner's dying friend.
Here I'll ſit, for ever viewing
Mercy's ſtreams in ſtreams of blood:
Precious drops my ſoul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with GOD.

2 Truly bleſſed is this ſtation,
Low before his croſs to lie:
While I ſee divine compaſſion
Beaming in his languid eye,
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the LAMB I gaze;
Love I much, I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Conſtant ſtill in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
May I ſtill enjoy this feeling,
In all need to JESUS go!
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himſelf more deeply know.

HYMN VIII.

1 O Love divine thou deep abyſs!
My thoughts are all abſorb'd in thee;
Union of grace, and righteouſneſs,
Of wiſdom, truth, and equity!
Whilſt JESU's blood thro' earth, and ſkies,
MERCY, FREE BOUNDLESS MERCY cries!

2 By faith, I to this refuge flee;
Here is my hope, my joy, my reſt,
My FATHER reconciled I ſee
With love inſcribed upon his breaſt:
Away ſad doubt, and anxious fear,
MERCY is all that's written there.

3 Tho' waves and ſtorms go o'er my head,
Tho' ſtrength, and health, and friends be gone;
Tho' joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn;
Stedfaſt on this my ſoul relies
FATHER thy MERCY NEVER dies.

4 Fix'd on this ground may I remain,
When heart ſhall fail, and fleſh decay;
O may this truth my ſoul ſuſtain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then ſhall prove,
Lov'd with an EVERLASTING LOVE!

HYMN IX.

1 HAIL, alpha and omega, hail!
Author of all our faith,

2 Hail,

The finiſher of all our hopes,
The truth, the life, the path.

2 Hail, firſt and laſt, the morning-ſtar,
In whom we live and move;
Increaſe our little ſpark of faith,
And purify our love.

3 Let that belief which JESUS taught,
Be treaſur'd in our breaſt;
The evidence of unſeen joys,
The ſubſtance of our reſt.

4 O let us go from ſtrength to ſtrength,
From grace to greater grace,
From one degree of faith to more,
'Till we behold thy face.

HYMN X.

1 JESU, thy blood and righteouſneſs,
My beauty are, my glorious dreſs;
'Midſt flaming worlds in theſe array'd.
With joy ſhall I lift up my head.

2 When from the duſt of death I riſe,
To claim my manſion in the ſkies;
E'en then ſhall this be all my plea,
"JESUS hath LIV'D, hath DY'D for me."

3 Bold ſhall I ſtand in that great day;
For who ought to my charge ſhall lay?

Fully thro' theſe abſolv'd I am
From ſin and fear, from guilt and ſhame.

4 Thus ABRAHAM the friend of GOD,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
SAVIOUR of ſinners thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This ſpotleſs robe the ſame appears,
When ruin'd nature ſinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of CHRIST is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dreſs,
JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

HYMN XI.

Triumph of faith. Rom. viii. 31. &c.

1 WHO ſhall the LORD's elect condemn?
'Tis GOD who juſtifies their ſouls,
And mercy, like a mighty ſtream,
O'er all their ſins divinely rolls.

2 Who ſhall adjudge the ſaints to hell?
'Tis CHRIST who ſuffer'd in their ſtead;
And the ſalvation to fulfil,
Behold him riſing from the dead.

3 He

3 He lives! he lives! he ſits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who ſhall divide us from his love,
Or what ſhall tempt us to deſpair?

4 Shall perſecution, or diſtreſs,
Famine, or ſword, or nakedneſs,
He, who hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

HYMN XII.

1 HAD I ten thouſand gifts beſide,
I'd cleave to JESUS crucify'd,
And build on him alone:
For no foundation is there giv'n
On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,
But CHRIST the corner-ſtone.

2 Poſſeſſing CHRIST, I all poſſeſs;
Wiſdom, and ſtrength, and righteouſneſs,
And ſanctity complete;
Bold in his name I may draw nigh,
Before the ruler of the ſky,
And all his juſtice meet.

HYMN XIII.

1 HEAD of the church triumphant!
We joyfully adore thee;
'Till thou appear,
Thy members here
Shall ſing like thoſe in glory.

We lift our hearts and voices,
With bleſt anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to GOD
The praiſe of our ſalvation.

2 While in affliction's furnace,
And paſſing thro' the fire,
Thy love we praiſe
Which knows our days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our hands exulting,
In thine almighty favour,
The love divine
Which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou doſt conduct thy people
Thro' torrents of temptation,
Nor will we fear,
Whilſt thou art near.
The fire of tribulation.
The world, with ſin and ſatan,
In vain our march oppoſes;
By thee we ſhall
Break thro' them all,
And ſing the ſong of *Moſes*.

4 By faith we ſee the glory,
To which thou ſhalt reſtore us,
The croſs deſpiſe,
For that high prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us.

And if thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying *Stephen*,
Shall ſee thee ſtand
At GOD's right hand,
To take us up to heav'n.

OBEDIENCE.

HYMN I.

The example of CHRIST.

1 MY dear REDEEMER and my LORD!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and ſuch thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy FATHER's will,
Such love, and meekneſs ſo divine,
I would tranſcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witneſs'd the fervor of thy pray'r;
The deſert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then GOD the judge ſhall own my name
Amongſt the follow'rs of the LAMB.

HYMN

HYMN II.

1 SO let our lips and lives expreſs
The holy goſpel we profeſs;
So let our works and virtues ſhine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The honors of our SAVIOUR GOD;
When the ſalvation reigns within,
And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin.

3 Our fleſh and ſenſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and envy, luſt and pride;
While juſtice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our ſpirits up,
While we expect that bleſſed hope,
The bright appearance of the LORD,
And faith ſtands leaning on his word.

VIDE PSALM CXIX.

HYMN III.

1 A Charge to keep I have,
A GOD to glorify;
A never-dying ſoul to ſave,
And fit it for the ſky.

2 To ſerve the preſent age,
My calling to fulfil;

O may it all my pow'rs engage,
To do my maſter's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy ſight to live;
And O! thy ſervant, LORD, prepare
A good account to give!

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyſelf rely;
And let me ne'er my truſt betray,
Leſt I for ever die.

LOVE TO GOD.

HYMN I.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inſpires the breaſt;
Love is the brighteſt of the train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

2 Knowledge, alas! is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our ſtubborn ſins will fight and reign,
If love be abſent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our active feet
In ſwift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But ſatan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and ſings,
When faith and hope ſhall ceaſe;

'Tis

'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings
In the ſweet realms of bliſs.

5 When join'd to that harmonious throng
Which fill the choirs above;
Then ſhall we tune our golden harps
And ev'ry note be LOVE.

HYMN II.

Thou ſhalt love the LORD *thy* GOD, *&c.*

Deut. vi. 5.

1 YES; I would love thee, bleſſed GOD!
Paternal goodneſs marks thy name;
Thy praiſes thro' thy high abode,
The heavenly hoſts with joy proclaim.

2 Freely thou gav'ſt thy deareſt SON,
For man to ſuffer, bleed, and die;
And bid'ſt me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on him rely.

3 In him thy reconciled face,
With joy unſpeakable I ſee;
And feel thy powerful, wond'rous grace
Draw and unite my ſoul to thee.

4 Whene'er my fooliſh wandering heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this bliſsful centre ſtart;
LORD, fix it there to ſtray no more!

HYMN

HYMN III.

Delight in GOD.

Pſalm xxxvii. 4.

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My beſt, my only friend.

2 When all created ſtreams are dry'd,
Thy fulneſs is the ſame;
May I with this be ſatisfy'd,
And glory in thy name!

3 Why ſhould the ſoul a drop bemoan
Who has a fountain near,
A fountain which will ever run
With waters ſweet and clear?

4 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I muſt have all things, and abound,
While GOD is GOD to me.

5 O that I had but ſtronger faith
To look within the veil,
To credit what my SAVIOR ſaith,
Whoſe word can never fail!

6 O LORD, I caſt my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern ſhall be
To love and pleaſe thee more.

HYMN IV.

1 MY God, the ſpring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brighteſt days,
And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkeſt ſhades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun!
Thou art my ſoul's bright morning-ſtar,
And thou my riſing ſun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine
With beams of ſacred bliſs,
When Jesus ſhews his mercy's mine,
And whiſpers, I AM HIS.

4 My ſoul cou'd leave this heavy clay,
At that tranſporting word;
Run up with joy the ſhining way
To meet and praiſe my Lord.

5 Fearleſs of hell and ghaſtly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN V.

1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlaſting all,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 [What empty things are all the ſkies,
And this inferior clod!
There's nothing here deſerves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.]

3 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and ſafe abode:
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

4 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee?
Or what's my ſafety or my health,
Or all my friends to me?

5 Where I poſſeſſor of the earth,
And call'd the ſtars my own;
Without thy graces, and thy ſelf,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others ſtretch their arms like ſeas,
And graſp in all the ſhore;
Grant me the viſits of thy face,
And I deſire no more.

HYMN IX.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call,
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy ſhining grace can cheer,
This dungeon where I dwell;

'Tis paradiſe when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

3 The ſmilings of thy face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis heaven to reſt in thine embrace,
And no where elſe but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliſs;
They ſit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where JESUS is.

5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If GOD his reſidence remove,
Or but conceal his face;

6 Nor earth, nor all the ſky,
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy preſence, LORD.

6 Thou art the ſea of love
Where all my pleaſures roll,
The circle where my paſſions move
And centre of my ſoul.

8 To thee my ſpirits fly
With infinite deſire,
And yet how far from thee I lie;
LORD JESUS raiſe me higher

HYMN X.

To whom ſhall we go but unto thee?
John vi. 67—69.

1 THOU only ſovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend—
And can my ſoul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither ſhall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my LORD?
Can this dark world of ſin and woe
One glimpſe of happineſs afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On theſe my fainting ſpirit lives;
Here ſweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One ſmile, one bliſsful ſmile of thine,
My deareſt LORD, outweighs them all.

5 Thy name my inmoſt powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care:
Depart from thee—'tis Death,—'tis more!
'Tis endleſs ruin, deep deſpair!

6 Low at thy feet my ſoul would lie,
Here ſafety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

LOVE TO OUR NEIGHBOUR.

HYMN I.

Our Example. John xiii. 15.

1 AND is the gospel, peace and love?
Such let our conversation be:
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To JESUS let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the christian life!

3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal,
Shone thro' his life, divinely bright!

5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love,
O, if we love the SAVIOUR's name,
Let his divine example move.

6 But

6 But ah how blind! how weak we are!
How frail! how apt to turn aſide!
LORD, we depend upon thy care,
And aſk thy SPIRIT for our guide.

7 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear SAVIOUR, daily more like thee.

HYMN II.

Juſtice and Equity, Matt. vii. 12.

1 BLESSED REDEEMER, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
"Never to deal with others worſe
"Than we would have them deal with us!

2 This golden leſſon ſhort and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain:
And every conſcience muſt approve
This univerſal law of love.

3 'Tis written in each mortal breaſt,
Where all our tendereſt wiſhes reſt:
We draw it from our inmoſt veins,
Where love to ſelf reſides and reigns.

4 Is reaſon ever at a loſs?
Call in ſelf-love to judge the cauſe:
Let our own fondeſt paſſions ſhew
How we ſhould treat our neighbours too.

5 How bleſs'd would every nation prove,
Thus rul'd by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradiſe below.

HYMN III.

1 O WHAT ſtupendous mercy ſhines
Around the Majeſty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his ſons,
Their ſouls renew'd, their ſins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like a ſun;
Hold forth your fair, tho' feeble light,
Thro' all your lives let mercy run:

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great ſalvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To pain and ſickneſs help apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counſellor and ſtay;
Adopt the fatherleſs, and ſmooth
To uſeful, happy life the way.

5 Let age with want and weakneſs bow'd,
Your bowels of compaſſion move,
Let e'en your enemies be bleſs'd,
Their hatred recompens'd with love.

6 When

6 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce ſelf-righteouſneſs with ſcorn;
Thus will you glorify your GOD,
And thus the chriſtian name adorn.

VIDE PSALM CXII.

LOVE OF FELLOW CHRISTIANS.

HYMN I.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in chriſtian love;
The fellowſhip of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our FATHER's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We ſhare our mutual woes;
Our mutual Burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The ſympathiſing tear.

4 When we aſunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we ſhall ſtill be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Thro' all eternity.

HYMN II.

1 LET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are ONE in CHRIST their Head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found:
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banish'd far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same LORD obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

HYMN III.

1 O Let thy love our hearts conſtrain,
JESUS, the crucify'd!
What haſt thou done our hearts to gain?
Languiſh'd, and groan'd, and dy'd!

2 Us into cloſeſt union draw,
And in our inward parts
Let kindneſs ſweetly write her law,
Let love command our hearts.

3 Who wou'd not now purſue the way
Where JESU's footſteps ſhine?
Who wou'd not own the pleaſing ſway
Of charity divine?

4 O let us find the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move,
And force a frowning world to ſay,
SEE HOW THESE CHRISTIANS LOVE!

LOVE OF ENEMIES.

HYMN I.

1 ALOUD we ſing the wond'rous grace,
CHRIST to his murderers bare;
Which made the torturing croſs its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

2 "Father

2 "Father, forgive," his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal bleſſings down
On thoſe who wrought his death.

3 JESUS, this wondrous love we ſing,
And whilſt we ſing admire;
Breathe on our ſouls, and kindle there,
The ſame celeſtial fire.

4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray,
With love, their hatred, and their curſe
With bleſſings will repay.

HUMILITY. VIDE PSALM CXXXI.

GRATITUDE.

HYMN I.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my GOD,
My riſing ſoul ſurveys,
Tranſported with the view, I'm loſt
In wonder, love, and praiſe.

2 Thy providence my life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breaſt.

3 Unnumber'd

3 Unnumber'd comforts to my ſoul
Thy tender care beſtow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe comforts flow'd.

4 When in the ſlipp'ry paths of youth
With heedleſs ſteps I ran,
Thine arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to man:

5 When worn by ſickneſs, oft haſt thou,
With health renew'd my face;
And when in ſins and ſorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my ſoul with grace.

6 Ten thouſand thouſand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
O grant me LORD a thankful heart,
To taſte thoſe gifts with joy.

7 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after death in diſtant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

8 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
My ever grateful heart, O LORD,
Thy mercy ſhall adore.

9 Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful ſong I'll raiſe;
For oh! eternity's too ſhort
To utter all thy praiſe.

HYMN

HYMN II.

1 FOR mercies, countleſs as the ſands,
Which daily I receive
From JESUS, my REDEEMER's hands,
My ſoul, what canſt thou give?

2 Alas! from ſuch a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My beſt is ſtain'd and dy'd with ſin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgement I'll make
For all he has beſtow'd;
Salvation's ſacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my GOD.

4 The beſt returns for one like me,
So wretched and ſo poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And aſk him ſtill for more.

5 I cannot ſerve him as I ought
No works have I to boaſt;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I ſhall owe him moſt.

HYMN III.

1 WHAT ſhall we render unto thee
Thou glorious LORD of life and pow'r!
Teach us to bow the humble knee;
Teach us with thankfulneſs t' adore;

To

To praiſe thee as thy ſaints above,
To praiſe thee for thy wond'rous love.

2 When like loſt ſheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful ſhepherd's eye;
When borne along th' impetuous tide
Of this world's ſin and vanity:
Then JESUS from the heav'ns came down,
To ſave us by his grace alone.

3 He bore our ſins upon the tree,
To ſeek and ſave the loſt he came,
There was he bound to ſet us free,
From death, and everlaſting ſhame;
The captive flock from hell was freed,
And ranſom'd when their ſhepherd bled.

4 Before the FATHER's awful throne,
Our merciful high-prieſt yet ſtands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd remnant now demands;
His people's everlaſting friend,
Who loving——loves them to the end!

5 May we his baniſh'd ones rejoice,
Him for our LORD and GOD to own,
To take him as our only choice
And cleave to him in love alone;
Still growing up in holineſs,
'Till call'd to meet in realms of bliſs.

6 Then ſhall our grateful ſongs abound,
And ev'ry tear be wip'd away;

No ſin, no ſorrow ſhall be found,
No night o'ercloud the endleſs day,
O praiſe him! all beneath, above!
O praiſe him! praiſe the GOD of love!

HYMN IV.

1 COME thou fount of ev'ry bleſſing!
Tune my heart to ſing thy grace!
Streams of mercy never ceaſing,
Call for ſongs of loudeſt praiſe;
Teach me ſome melodious ſonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praiſe the mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of GOD's unchanging love!

2 Here I raiſe my *Eben-Ezer*,
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at home;
JESUS ſought me, when a ſtranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of GOD;
He, to reſcue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

3 O! to grace, how great a debtor,
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that grace, now like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee!
Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it,
Prone to leave the GOD I love—

Here's

Here's my heart—O take and ſeal it!
Seal it from thy courts above!

VIDE PSALM 63, 71, 116, 144.

SELF DEDICATION.

HYMN I.

Rom. xii. 1.

1 AND will the eternal king
So mean a gift reward?
That offering, LORD, with joy we bring,
Which thy own hand prepar'd.

We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move;
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Deſcend, celeſtial fire,
The ſacrifice inflame;
So ſhall a grateful odor riſe
Thro' our REDEEMER's name.

HYMN II.

1 YE earthly vanities adieu,
For ever hence remove,
JESUS alone deſerves my heart;
JESUS, my LORD, my love.

2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt;
In all their ſofteſt forms,
Suſtain'd the heavy load of guilt
For loſt rebellious worms.

3 His heart, whence love redundant flow'd,
To waſh the ſtains of ſin,
In precious ſtreams of vital blood,
Here all my hopes begin.

4 Who can a bleeding SAVIOUR view,
And yet ungrateful prove?
And pierce thy wounded heart anew
And grieve thy injur'd love?

5 Forbid it LORD! O bind my heart
With cords of love divine;
So firm, that it may ne'er depart—
Both now and ever THINE.

VIDE PSALM 4, 17.

HYMN III.

1 O For an heart to praiſe my GOD!
An heart from guilt ſet free,

An

An heart that's ſprinkled with the blood
So freely ſpilt for me!

2 An heart reſign'd, ſubmiſſive, meek,
My dear REDEEMER's throne,
Where only CHRIST is heard to ſpeak,
Where JESUS reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life, nor death, can part
From him who dwells within.

4 An heart in ev'ry thought renew'd
And fill'd with love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, LORD, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious LORD, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, beſt name of love.

SELF DENIAL.

HYMN I.

1 AND muſt I part with all I have,
My deareſt LORD, for thee?

It is but right, ſince thou haſt done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go—one look from thee
Will more than make amends,
For all the loſſes I ſuſtain
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thouſand worlds, ten thouſand lives,
How worthleſs they appear
Compar'd with thee, ſupremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 SAVIOUR of ſouls, could I from thee
A ſingle ſmile obtain,
Tho' deſtitute of all things elſe,
I'd glory in my gain.

HYMN II.

Not aſhamed of CHRIST.

1 JESUS! and ſhall it ever be
A mortal man aſham'd of thee!
Aſham'd of thee, whom angels praiſe,
Whoſe glories ſhine thro' endleſs days!

2 Aſham'd of JESUS! ſooner far
Let evening bluſh to own a ſtar;
He ſheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted ſoul of mine.

3 Aſham'd of JESUS! juſt as ſoon
Let midnight be aſham'd of noon;

'Tis

'Tis midnight with my ſoul 'till he,
Bright morning ſtar! bid darkneſs flee.

4 Aſham'd of JESUS! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I bluſh—be this my ſhame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Aſham'd of JESUS! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to waſh away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave
No fears to quell, no ſoul to ſave.

6 'Till then—nor is my boaſting vain—
'Till then, I boaſt a SAVIOUR ſlain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That CHRIST is not aſham'd of me!

7 [His inſtitutions would I prize;
Take up my croſs—the ſhame deſpiſe;
Dare to defend his noble cauſe,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

FEAR OF GOD.

HYMN I.

1 THRICE happy ſouls, who born from heaven,
While yet they ſojourn here,

Humbly

Humbly begin their days with God,
And ſpend them in his fear!

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal
Prevent the dawning day;
And turn the ſacred pages o'er,
And praiſe thy name and pray!

3 'Midſt hourly cares may love preſent
Its incenſe to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employ,
Our hearts be thine alone!

4 As ſanctified to nobleſt ends
Be each refreſhment ſought;
And by each various providence
Some wiſe inſtruction brought!

5 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations try'd,
We'll ſeek the ſhelter of thy wings,
And in thy ſtrength confide.

6 As different ſcenes of life ariſe,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidſt the ſocial band,
In ſolitude with thee.

7 At night we lean our weary heads
On thy paternal breaſt;
And, ſafely folded in thine arms,
Reſign our powers to reſt.

8 In ſolid pure delights like theſe,
Let all my days be paſt;
Nor ſhall I then impatient wiſh,
Nor ſhall I fear the laſt.

HYMN II.

1 HAPPY beyond deſcription he
Who fears the LORD his GOD;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his rod.

2 Fear, ſacred paſſion, ever dwells
With it's fair partner love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their ſource is from above.

3 Let terrors fright the unwilling ſlave,
The child with joy appears;
Chearful he does his father's will,
And loves as much as fears.

4 Let but thy fear, moſt holy GOD!
Poſſeſs this ſoul of mine,
Then ſhall I worſhip thee aright,
And taſte thy joys divine.

HYMN III.

Fear not.

1 YE trembling ſouls, diſmiſs your fears
Be mercy all your theme;

Mercy,

Mercy, which like a river flows
In one continued ſtream.

2 *Fear not* the powers of earth, and hell,
God will theſe powers reſtrain;
His mighty arm their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

3 *Fear not* the want of outward good,
He will for his provide;
Grant them ſupplies of daily food,
And give them heaven beſide.

4 *Fear not* that he will e'er forſake,
Or leave his work undone;
He's faithful to his promiſes,
And faithful to his Son.

5 *Fear not* the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous ſting;
He will from endleſs wrath preſerve,
To endleſs glory bring.

6 *Fear* God *alone* in him ſecure
You none beſides need fear;
But ſafely view th' approaching ſtorm,
And ſmile, when it is near.

VIDE PSALM XXV.

HOPE.

HYMN I.

1 WHY ſinks my weak deſponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious ſigh?
Can ſovereign goodneſs be unkind?
Am I not ſafe if GOD is nigh?

2 He holds all nature in his hand:
That gracious hand on which I live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he ſupports this fainting frame,
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wond'rous glories of his name,
How wide they ſpread! how bright they ſhine!

4 Infinite wiſdom! boundleſs power!
Unchanging faithfulneſs and love!
Here let me truſt, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

5 My GOD, if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave;
A preſent help in times of need,
Still kind to hear and ſtrong to ſave.

6 Forgive

6 Forgive my doubts, O gracious LORD,
And eaſe the ſorrows of my breaſt;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine—and I am bleſt.

VIDE PSALM XXXVII. CXXI.

TRUST IN GOD.

HYMN I.

1 O My ſoul, what means this ſadneſs?
Wherefore art thou thus caſt down?
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladneſs,
Bid thy reſtleſs fears be gone:
Look to JESUS,
And rejoice in his bleſt name.

2 What tho' ſatan's ſtrong temptations
Vex and teize thee, day by day!
And thy ſinful inclinations
Often fill thee with diſmay?
Thou ſhalt conquer,
Thro' the LAMB's redeeming blood.

3 Tho' ten thouſand ills beſet thee
From without, and from within;
JESUS ſaith, he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will ſave from hell and ſin:

He

He is faithful,
To perform his gracious word.

4 Tho diſtreſſes now attend thee,
And thou tread'ſt the thorny road;
His right hand ſhall ſtill defend thee,
Soon he'll bring thee home to GOD:
Therefore praiſe him,
Praiſe the great REDEEMER's name.

5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly hoſt above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceaſing ſing his love!
Happy chorus!
When ſhall I your anthems join?

HYMN II.

Return of joy.

1 WHEN darkneſs long has veil'd my mind,
And ſmiling day once more appears;
Then, my REDEEMER, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart,
And bluſh that I ſhould ever be
Thus prone to act ſo baſe a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee!

3 O! let me then at length be taught
(What I am ſtill ſo ſlow to learn;

That GOD is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the ſhadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and eaſy to repeat!
But when my faith is ſharply try'd,
I find myſelf a learner yet,
Unſkilful, weak, and apt to ſlide.

5 But, O my LORD, one look from thee
Subdues the diſobedient will;
Drives doubt and diſcontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is ſtill.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praiſe receive;
Be ſhame, and ſelf-abhorrence, mine.

HYMN III.

I will Truſt and not be afraid.

Iſaiah xii. 2.

1 BEGONE unbelief, my SAVIOR is near,
And for my relief will ſurely appear;
By prayer let me wreſtle, and he will perform;
With CHRIST in the veſſel, I ſmile at the ſtorm.

2 Though dark be my way, ſince he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though ciſterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has ſpoken ſhall ſurely prevail.

3 His

3 His love in time paſt, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at laſt in trouble to ſink;
Each ſweet *Ebenezer* I have in review,
Confirms his good pleaſure to help me quite
[through.

4 Determin'd to ſave, he watch'd o'er my path,
When, ſatan's blind ſlave, I ſported with death;
And can he have taught me to truſt in his name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to ſhame?

5 Why ſhould I complain of want or diſtreſs,
Temptations or pain? he told me no leſs:
The heirs of ſalvation, I know from his word,
Through much tribulation muſt follow their
[Lord.

6 How bitter that cup, no heart can conceive,
Which he drank quite up, that ſinners might live!
His way was much rougher, and darker than mine,
Did Jesus thus ſuffer, and ſhall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet ſhall work for my good,
The bitter is ſweet, the med'cine is food;
Though painful at preſent, 'twill ceaſe before
[long,
And then, O how pleaſant the conqueror's ſong!

HYMN IV.

1 MY helper God! I bleſs his name:
The ſame his pow'r, his grace the ſame,

The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 I, midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far his arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make his mercy known:
And, while I tread this desart land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more:
Then bear, in his bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

HYMN V.

1 THIS GOD is the GOD we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure, nor end.

2 'Tis JESUS, the first and the last,
Whose SPIRIT shall guide us safe home:
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

VIDE PSALM 34, 37, 40, 42, 71.

VIDE GRACDILLE, Page, 262, &c.

PATIENCE

PATIENCE.

HYMN I.

1 PATIENCE! O what a grace divine!
Sent from the GOD of power and love!
That leans upon its FATHER's hand,
As thro' the wilds of life we rove.

2 By patience we ſerenely bear
The troubles of our mortal ſtate,
And wait contented our diſcharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3 Tho' we in full ſenſation feel
The weight, the wounds our GOD ordains,
We ſmile amid our heavieſt woes,
And triumph in our ſharpeſt pains.

4 O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breaſt,
'Till life's tumultuous voyage is o'er,
We reach the ſhores of endleſs reſt!

5 Faith into viſion ſhall reſign,
Hope ſhall in full fruition die;
And patience in poſſeſſion end
In the bright worlds of bliſs on high.

HYMN II.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling ſaints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praiſe of CHRIST our LORD,
Bid every ſtring awake.

2 Tho' in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our houſe above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace ſhall to the end
Stronger and brighter ſhine;
Nor preſent things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the ſpark divine.

4 The time of love will come,
When we ſhall clearly ſee
Not only that he ſhed his blood,
But each ſhall ſay, FOR ME.

5 Tarry his leiſure then,
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait 'till the bridegroom of your ſouls
Reveal his love with power.

6 Bleſt is the man, O GOD,
That ſtays himſelf on thee!
Who waits for thy ſalvation, LORD,
Shall thy ſalvation ſee.

RESIGNATION.

HYMN I.

1 AND can my heart aſpire ſo high,
To ſay, "my FATHER, GOD!"
LORD, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiſs the rod.

2 I wou'd ſubmit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wiſe;
Let every anxious thought be ſtill,
Nor one faint murmur riſe.

3 Thy love can cheer the darkſome gloom,
And bid me wait ſerene;
'Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And brighten all the ſcene.

4 "My FATHER"—O permit my heart
To plead her humble claim,
And aſk the bliſs thoſe words impart,
In my REDEEMER's name.

HYMN II.

It is the LORD—*let him do what ſeemeth him good.*
1 Sam. iii. 18.

1 IT is the LORD—enthron'd in light,
Whoſe claims are all divine;

Who

Who has an undiſputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the LORD—ſhould I diſtruſt,
Or contradict his will?
Who cannot do but what is juſt,
And muſt be righteous ſtill.

3 It is the Lord—who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my eaſe;
And of his bounties may recall
Whatever part he pleaſe.

4 It is the LORD—who can ſuſtain
Beneath the heavieſt load,
From whom aſſiſtance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the LORD—whoſe matchleſs ſkill
Can from afflictions raiſe
Joy, an eternity to fill
With ever-growing praiſe.

6 It is the LORD—my cov'nant GOD,
Thrice bleſſed be his name!
Whoſe gracious promiſe, ſeal'd with blood,
Muſt ever be the ſame.

His cov'nant will my ſoul defend,
Should nature's ſelf expire;
And the great judge of all deſcend
In awful flames of fire.

8 And can my ſoul with hopes like theſe,
Be ſullen or repine?
No, gracious God, take what thou pleaſe,
I'll cheerfully reſign.

CONTENTMENT.

HYMN I.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliſs
Thy ſovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition riſe;

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
"From every murmur free:
"The bleſſings of thy grace impart,
"And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the ſweet hope that thou art mine,
"My life and death attend;
"Thy preſence thro' my journey ſhine,
"And crown my journey's end."

RETIREMENT.

HYMN I.

1 FAR from the world, O LORD, I flee,
From ſtrife and tumult far;
From ſcenes where ſatan wages ſtill
His moſt deſtructive war.

2 The calm retreat, the ſilent ſhade,
With pray'r and praiſe agree;
And ſeem, by thy ſweet bounty made,
For thoſe who follow thee.

3 There if thy SPIRIT touch the ſoul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her GOD!

4 There to an unſeen friend ſhe pours
Her ſolitary lays;
Nor aſks a witneſs of her ſong,
Nor thirſts for human praiſe.

5 Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet ſource of light divine,
And (all harmonious in one)
My SAVIOUR, thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love;
A boundleſs, endleſs ſtore,

Shall

Shall echo thro' the realms above
When time ſhall be no more.

JOY.

HYMN I.

Jer. ix. 23. &c.

1 THE righteous LORD, ſupremely great,
Maintains his univerſal ſtate;
O'er all the earth his power extends,
All heaven before his footſtool bends.

2 Yet juſtice ſtill with power preſides,
And mercy all his empire guides;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And ſaints are lovely in his ſight.

3 No more ye wiſe, your wiſdom boaſt,
No more, ye ſtrong, your valor truſt;
No more, ye rich, ſurvey your ſtore,
Elate with heaps of ſhining ore.

4 Glory, ye ſaints, in this alone,
That GOD, your GOD, to you is known;
That you have own'd his ſovereign ſway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.

Our wiſdom, wealth, and power we find,
In one JEHOVAH, all combin'd;

On

On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our ſouls in raptures riſe.

6 All elſe, which we our treaſure call,
May in one fatal moment fall;
But what their happnieſs can move,
Whom GOD the bleſſed deigns to love?

HYMN V.

Perſeverance.

1 REJOICE, believer in the LORD,
Who makes your cauſe his own;
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Tho' many foes beſet your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with CHRIST in GOD,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you ſhall not faint,
Or faintiug ſhall not die;
JESUS, the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 Tho' ſometimes unperceiv'd by ſenſe,
Faith ſees him always near,
A guide, a glory, a defence,
Then what have you to fear?

5 As ſurely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you:

So

So ſurely you, that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

HYMN III.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To manſions in the ſkies,
I bid farewel to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should cares like a wild deluge come,
And ſtorms of ſorrow fall;
May I but ſafely reach my home,
My GOD, my heav'n, my all:

3 There ſhall I bathe my weary ſoul
In ſeas of heav'nly reſt,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful breaſt.

VIDE PAGE 156, 211.

HYMN IV.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly king,
As ye journey ſweetly ſing:
Sing your SAVIOUR's worthy praiſe,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to GOD,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happineſs ſhall ſee.

3 O, ye baniſh'd ſeed, be glad!
CHRIST our advocate is made;
Us to ſave our fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our ſouls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and bleſt,
You on JESU's throne ſhall reſt!
There your ſeat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

HYMN V.

1 REJOICE, the LORD is king,
Your GOD and king adore;
Mortals give thanks, and ſing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, rejoice.

2 JESUS the SAVIOUR reigns,
The GOD of truth and love;
When he had cleans'd our ſtains,
He took his ſeat above:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our JESUS giv'n:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay rejoice.

4 He ſits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes ſubmit
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, rejoice.

5 He all his foes ſhall quell,
Shall all our ſins deſtroy;
And ev'ry boſom ſwell
With pure ſeraphic joy:
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;
Rejoice; again I ſay, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge ſhall come,
And take his ſervants up
To their eternal home:
We ſoon ſhall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God ſhall ſound rejoice.

HYMN VI.

Exulting in Chriſt.

1 THE deſpiſed Nazarene,
Who is chief in my eſteem,
Mark'd with ſcourges, nails and ſpear,
Hung an enſign in the air.

2 None among the ſons of men,
None among the heav'nly train,

Can with my Belov'd compare,
Who to me is ever dear.

3 Had I Gabriel's heav'nly tongue,
He ſhou'd ever be my ſong;
Object of my preſent bliſs,
Subject of my future praiſe.

4 Raviſh'd I'm beyond degree,
While I view him on the tree;
All his wounds and bruiſes are
To my ſoul exceeding fair.

5 Other lovers I deſpiſe;
Mine is gone beyond the ſkies:
Earthly things are far too mean
To divert me from the LAMB.

6 How my LORD, ſhall I ſet forth,
All thy dignity and worth?
Human words cannot expreſs
Half thy love, or half thy praiſe.

7 From thy fulneſs me ſupply
Of thy grace to teſtify,
Let my fellow-creatures prove
What is taſted in thy love.

8 Soul and body, ſink with ſhame,
While I thee, my SAVIOUR, name;
Soul and body, LORD, ſet free
In the goſpel-liberty.

HYMN VII.

Longing after God.

1 GREAT God! indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my joy, my hope, my reſt;
The glories that compoſe thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me bleſt!

2 Thou great and good, thou juſt and wiſe,
Be thou my Father, and my God!
And make me thine by ſacred ties,
Thy ſon, thy ſervant bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As trav'lers do in thirſty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 O may thy love inſpire my tongue,
Salvation ſhall be all my ſong;
And all my powr's ſhall join to bleſs
The Lord my ſtrength and righteouſneſs.

HYMN VIII.

1 TO thee, my God, I hourly ſigh,
But not for golden ſtores;
Nor covet I the brighteſt gems,
On the rich eaſtern ſhores.

2 Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;

Nor greatneſs in its gayeſt forms,
My reſtleſs thoughts enflame.

3 Nor pleaſure's ſoft enticing charms,
My fond deſires allure:
Far greater things than earth can yield,
My wiſhes wou'd ſecure.

4 Thoſe bliſsful, thoſe tranſporting ſmiles
That brighten heaven above;
The boundleſs riches of thy grace,
And treaſures of thy love.

5 Theſe are the mighty things I crave:
O! make theſe bleſſings mine;
And all the glories of the world
I gladly will reſign.

VIDE PSALM CXXVI.

HYMN IX.

1 I Long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above;
The KING in his beauty diſplay'd,
His beauty of holieſt love:
I truſt thro' rich grace to be there,
Where JESUS hath fix'd his abode;
O When ſhall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of GOD!

2 Wit

2 With him I on Zion ſhall ſtand,
(For JESUS hath ſpoken the word)
The breadth of IMMANUEL's land
Survey by the light of my LORD:
But when on thy boſom reclin'd,
Thy face I am ſtrengthen'd to ſee,
My fullneſs of rapture I find,
My heaven of heaven's in thee!

3 How happy the people that dwell
Secure in the city above!
No pain the inhabitants feel,
No ſickneſs or ſorrow ſhall prove:
Phyſician of ſouls, unto me
Forgiveneſs and holineſs give,
And then from the body ſet free,
And then to the city receive.

HYMN X.

A divine Rapture.

1 FROM thee, my GOD, my joys ſhall riſe,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the ſkies,
And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumph of my ſoul
Shall death itſelf out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.

3 There,

3 There, where my bleſſed JESUS reigns,
In heav'n's unmeaſur'd ſpace,
I'll ſpend a long eternity.
In pleaſure and in praiſe.

4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endleſs ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.

5 Sweet JESUS, ev'ry ſmile of thine
Shall freſh endearments bring,
And thouſand taſtes of new delight,
From all thy graces ſpring.

6 Haſte, my beloved, fetch my ſoul
Up to thy bleſs'd abode:
Fly, for my ſpirit longs to ſee
My SAVIOUR, and my GOD.

HYMN XI.

1 HE is a GOD of ſov'reign love,
That promis'd heaven to me;
And taught my thoughts to ſoar above,
Where happy ſpirits be,

2 Prepare me, LORD, for thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day!
Come death and ſome celeſtial band,
To bear my ſoul away.

3 Then

3 Then my beloved, take my ſoul
Up to thy bleſt abode;
That face to face I may behold
My SAVIOUR, and my GOD.

4 GOD has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous JUDGE at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

5 Nor hath the KING of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to ſee
Th' appearance of his SON.

HYMN XII.

The Chriſtian's Expectation.

1 GOD of all conſolation, take
The glory of thy grace;
Thy gifts to thee we render back
In ceaſeleſs ſongs of praiſe.

2 Not unto us, but thee, O LORD,
Glory to thee be giv'n,
For ev'ry gracious thought and word,
That brought us nearer heav'n.

3 Our ſouls are in his mighty hand,
And he will keep them ſtill;
And you and I ſhall ſurely ſtand
With him on zion's hill.

4 Him

4 Him eye to eye we there ſhall ſee,
Our face, like his, ſhall ſhine;
O What a glorious company,
When ſaints and angels join!

5 O What a joyful meeting there,
In robes of white array'd;
Palms in our hands we all ſhall bear,
And crowns upon our head!

6 Then let us earneſtly contend,
And fight our paſſage thro';
Bear in our faithful mind the end,
And keep the prize in view.

7 Then let us haſten to the day,
When all ſhall be brought home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away,
Lord Jesu, quickly come!

HYMN XIII.

1 I Sigh yet lament not in vain;
While now in this body I groan,
Calm peace ſtill alleviates my pain,
And mingles her ſweets with my moan;
By faith, at a diſtance, I ſee
The land where no ſorrows annoy:
My heart! how it pants to be free,
And ſoar to that region of joy!

2 I truſt O my God to be there,
To join in the chorus above,

To chaunt the loud theme to thy praiſe
Repos'd in the arms of thy love:
O when ſhall thy exile return
Where pleaſures inceſſant diſtil,
No fear or diſmay e'er depreſs
My ſoul whole conform'd to thy will.

3 O when ſhall that period arrive,
Eternal felicity's morn?
When ſaints from the duſt ſhall revive
The train of the LORD to adorn.
Ye years why ſo ſlow in your round,
Ah why ſo his chariot delays?
Free grace my harp longs to reſound,
My GOD ever thine be the praiſe.

4 Then may I while here I abide,
Attentive be found to thy will;
The ſtation by JESUS aſſign'd,
My portion of duty fulfill.
Since GOD is my all and in all,
Content or to ſtay, or remove.
'Tis heaven to ſerve THEE below!
To LOVE THEE is heav'n above!

ZEAL.

HYMN I.

1 WHILE carnal men, with all their might,
Earth's vanities purſue,

How

How ſlow the advances which I make,
With heav'n itſelf in view!

2 Inſpire my ſoul with holy zeal;
Great God, my love inflame;
Religion, without zeal and love,
Is but an empty name.

3 To gain the top of Zion's hill,
May I with fervor ſtrive;
And all theſe powers employ for thee,
Which I from thee derive!

THE ACTIVE CHRISTIAN

HYMN I.

1 YE ſervants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Obſervant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his ſight,
For awful is his name.

3 Watch, 'tis your LORD's command;
And while we ſpeak, he's near:
Mark the firſt ſignal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy ſervant he
In ſuch a poſture found!
He ſhall his LORD with rapture ſee,
And be with honor crown'd.

5 CHRIST ſhall the banquet ſpread
With his own bounteous hand,
And raiſe that favorite ſervant's head
Amidſt th' angelic band.

HYMN II.

1 AWAKE our ſouls, (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a chearful courage on.

2 True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny road,
And mortal ſpirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty GOD,
That feeds the ſtrength of ev'ry ſaint.

3 The mighty GOD, whoſe matchleſs pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while endleſs years
Their everlaſting circles run.

4 From THEE, the overflowing ſpring,
Our ſouls ſhall drink a freſh ſupply,
While ſuch as truſt their native ſtrength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our ſouls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly road.

HYMN III.

1 BLESS'D are the humble ſouls that ſee
Their emptineſs and poverty:
Treaſures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bleſs'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for ſin with inward ſmart;
The blood of CHRIST divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bleſs'd are the meek, who ſtand afar
From rage and paſſion, noiſe and war;
GOD will ſecure their happy ſtate,
And plead their cauſe againſt the great.

4 Bleſs'd are the ſouls that thirſt for grace,
Hunger and long for righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed,
With living ſtreams and living bread.

5 Bleſs'd

5 Bleſs'd are the men whoſe bowels move,
And melt with ſympathy and love:
From CHRIST the LORD ſhall they obtain,
Like ſympathy and love again.

6 Bleſs'd are the pure, whoſe hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of ſin;
With endleſs pleaſure they ſhall ſee,
A GOD of ſpotleſs purity

FAMILY RELIGION.

HYMN I.

1 FATHER of All, thy care we bleſs,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From thee they ſpring, and, by thy hand,
They have been, and are ſtill ſuſtain'd.

2 To GOD, moſt worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domeſtic altars rais'd;
Who, LORD of Heaven, ſcorns not to dwell
With ſaints in their obſcureſt cell.

3 To thee may each united houſe,
Morning and night, preſent its vows;
Our ſervants there, and riſing race
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4 O may each future age proclaim
The honors of thy glorious name;
While pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

HYMN II.

1 SEE Iſrael's gentle Shepherd ſtand,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor ſcorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bleſs ſuch ſouls as theſe,
The LORD of Angels came.

3 We bring them, LORD, by fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourſelves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

4 Ye little flock, with pleaſure hear,
Ye children, ſeek his face;
And fly with tranſports to receive
The bleſſings of his grace.

5 If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we truſt:
That care ſhall heal our bleeding hearts
If weeping o'er their duſt.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDSHIP.

HYMN I.

1 KINDRED in CHRIST, for his dear ſake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given,
To know the SAVIOUR's precious name;
And ſhortly we ſhall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end, the ſame.

3 May he, by whoſe kind care we meet,
Send his good SPIRIT from above,
Make our communications ſweet,
And cauſe our hearts to burn with love!

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When chriſtians ſee each other thus;
We only wiſh to ſpeak of him,
Who liv'd, and dy'd, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and ſaid,
And ſuffer'd for us her below;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus as the moments paſs away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And haſten on the glorious day.
When we ſhall meet to part no more.

HYMN II.

1 THY preſence, everlaſting GOD,
Wide o'er all nature ſpreads abroad;
Thy watchful eyes, which cannot ſleep,
In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou doſt our lives and ſouls ſuſtain;
When abſent, happy if we ſhare
Thy ſmiles, thy counſels and thy care.

3 To thee we all our ways commit,
And ſeek our comforts near thy ſeat;
Still on our ſouls vouchſafe to ſhine,
And guard, and guide us ſtill as thine.

4 Give us, in thy beloved houſe,
Again to pay our thankful vows;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet arround thy throne.

CHRISTIAN LOYALTY.

HYMN I.

1 LORD, thou haſt bid thy people pray
For all who bear the ſov'reign ſway,

And

And thy vicegerents reign:
Rulers, and governors, and powers:
And lo! we humbly pray for ours;
Nor can we pray in vain.

2 JESUS, thy choſen ſervant guard,
And every threatening danger ward
From his annointed head;
Bid all his griefs and troubles ceaſe,
Thro' paths of righteouſneſs and peace
Our King, propitious lead.

3 Cover his enemies with ſhame,
Defeat their proud malicious aim,
And make their councils vain;
Preſerve him, providence divine,
And let the long illuſtrious line
To lateſt ages reign.

4 Upon him *ſhower* thy bleſſings down,
Crown him with grace, with glory crown,
And everlaſting joys;
While wealth, proſperity and peace,
Our nation and our churches bleſs,
And praiſe THE GLOBE employs.

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

HYMN I.

1 O THOU, that haſt redemption wrought!
Patron of ſouls, thy blood hath bought!

To

To thee our ſpirits we commit,
Mighty to reſcue from the pit.

2 Millions of bliſsful ſouls above,
In realms of purity and love,
With ſongs of endleſs praiſe proclaim
The honors of thy faithful name.

3 When all the powers of nature fail'd,
Thy ever-conſtant care prevail'd;
Courage and joy thy friendſhip ſpoke,
When every mortal bond was broke.

4 We on that friendſhip, LORD, repoſe,
The healing balm of all our woes;
And we when ſinking in the grave,
Truſt thine omnipotence to ſave.

5 O may our ſpirits, by thy hand
Be gather'd to that happy band,
Who, 'midſt the bleſſings of thy reign,
Loſe all remembrance of their pain.

6 In raptures there divinely ſweet
Give us our kindred-ſouls to meet,
And wait with them that brighter day,
Which all thy triumph ſhall diſplay!

VIDE PSALM XVII. CXLVI

HYMN II.

The dying Chriſtian to his ſoul.

1 DEATHLESS principle ariſe,
Soar thou native of the ſkies:
Pearl of price, by JESUS bought,
To his glorious image wrought.

2 Go and ſhine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown:
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Made for GOD, to GOD return.

3 Lo, he beckons from on high!
Fearleſs to his preſence fly:
Thine the merit of his blood;
Thine the righteouſneſs of GOD.

4 Angels joyful to attend,
Hov'ring round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the ſignal giv'n,
And eſcort thee ſafe to heav'n.

5 Shudder uot to paſs the ſtream;
Venture all thy care on him;
Him, whoſe dying love and power
Still'd its toſſing, huſh'd its roar.

6 Safe is the expanded wave;
Gentle as the ſummers eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever ſuffer'd ſhipwreck there.

7 Saints in glory perfect made,
Wait thy paſſage thro' the ſhade:
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the bliſsful ſhore.

8 Mount their tranſports to improve:
Join the longing choir above:
Swiftly to their wiſh be giv'n:
Kindle higher joy in heav'n.

9 —Such the proſpects that ariſe,
To the dying chriſtian's eyes!
Such the glorious viſta, faith,
Opens through the ſhades of death.

CHRISTIAN PRIVILEGES.

HYMN I.

1 AND did the eternal SON of GOD
For ſinners deign to bleed?
The purchaſe of that precious blood
Muſt needs be rich indeed.—

2 GOD's Wiſdom would not pay for toys
So great a price as this.
'Tis GOD-like glory, boundleſs joys,
'Tis unexampled bliſs.—

3 Saints raiſe your expectations high,
Hope all that heav'n has good,
Think what the blood of CHRIST can buy;
Invaluable blood!

4 Eye hath not ſeen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor can the heart conceive,
What bleſſings are for them prepar'd,
Who in the LORD believe.

HYMN II.

1 BLESSED are the ſons of GOD,
They are bought with CHRIST's own blood,
They are ranſom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they ſhall have.

2 GOD did love them in his SON,
Long before the world begun;
They the ſeal of this receive,
When on JESUS they believe

3 They are juſtify'd by grace,
They enjoy a ſolid peace;
All their ſins are waſh'd away,
They ſhall ſtand in GOD's great day.

4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteouſneſs!
They are harmleſs, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.

5 They

5 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heav'nly birth;
Born of GOD, they hate all ſin,
GOD's pure ſeed remains within.

6 They have fellowſhip with GOD,
Thro' the MEDIATOR's blood;
One with GOD, with JESUS one,
Glory is in them begun.

7 They alone are truly bleſt,
Heirs of GOD, joint heirs with CHRIST!
With them number'd may we be
Here, and in eternity.

HYMN III.

1 BEHOLD what wond'rous grace
The FATHER hath beſtow'd
On ſinners of a mortal race,
To call them ſons of GOD!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we ſhall be made;
But, when we ſee our SAVIOUR here,
We ſhall be like our Head.

3 A hope ſo much divine
May trials well endure
And purify our ſouls from ſin,
And make our calling ſure.

4 JESUS, we would not lie
Like ſlaves before thy throne;

Our

Our faith ſhall ABBA, FATHER, cry,
And GOD the kindred own.

5 If in thy FATHER's love
We ſhare a filial part,
Send down thy SPIRIT, like a dove,
To reſt upon our heart.

6 There let his preſence dwell,
And deep engrave thy law,
And every motion of our ſouls
To ſwift obedience draw.

7 Thus thou wilt make us new,
And we ſhall give thee praiſe;
We the dear people of thy love,
And thou our GOD of grace.

HYMN IV.

The dignity of Man.

1 NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' ſongs;
Yea, ſinners may addreſs their KING
In ſongs that angels cannot ſing.

2 They praiſe the LAMB who once was ſlain;
But we can add a higher ſtrain;
Not only ſay, "He ſuffer'd thus,
But that he ſuffer'd all for us."

3 When angels by tranſgreſſion fell,
Juſtice conſign'd them all to hell;
But mercy form'd a wond'rous plan,
To ſave and honour fallen man.

4 Jeſus, who paſs'd the angels by,
Aſſum'd our fleſh to bleed and die;
And ſtill he makes it his abode;
As man he fills the throne of God.

5 Our next of kin, our brother now,
Is he to whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praiſe his name,
But we the neareſt int'reſt claim.

6 But ah! how faint our praiſes riſe!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the ſkies,
That we, who ſhare his richeſt love,
So cold and unconcern'd ſhould prove.

7 Oh! glorious hour, it comes with ſpeed!
When we, from ſin and darkneſs freed,
Shall ſee the God who dy'd for man,
And praiſe him more than angels can.

HYMN V.

Fellowſhip with God.

1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And CHRIST invites us near;
With both our friendſhip ſhall be ſweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our ſouls,
And wiſe to guide our way.

3 How large his bounties are!
What various ſtores of good
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood!

4 Jesus, our living head,
We bleſs thy faithful care;
Our advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

5 Here fix, my roving heart!
Here wait, my warmeſt love!
'Till the communion be complete
In nobler ſcenes above.

HYMN VI.

1 JOIN ye ſaints to praiſe the Lord,
Join the heav'nly choirs;
You in nobleſt themes record
What his grace inſpires.

2 He, for you, from heav'n came down,
Left his crown and glory,
Made your ſorrows all his own,
Paid the ranſom for you.

3 Now, for you, ſat down on high,
Mighty to deliver;
In your name, he claims the ſky,
There to reign for ever.

4 Soon his face ye ſhall behold,
When in clouds deſcending;
He'll receive to bliſs untold,
Glory, never ending.

CHRISTIAN HAPPINESS.

HYMN. I.

1 WHILE my REDEEMER's near,
My ſhepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all ſupply'd.

2 To ever-fragrant meads
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my ſweet repoſe.

3 Along the lovely ſcene
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreſhmeet ſmiles ſerene,
To cheer my fainting ſoul.

4 Here let my ſpirit reſt;
How ſweet a lot is mine!
With pleaſure, food, and ſafety bleſt!
Beneficence divine!

5 Dear ſhepherd, if I ſtray,
My wandering feet reſtore;
To thy fair paſtures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

6 Unworthy as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
JESUS, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

HYMN II.

1 OUR SAVIOUR and Friend,
His love ſhall extend,
It knew no beginning and never ſhall end:
Whom once he receives,
His SPIRIT ne'er leaves,
Nor revokes, nor repents of the grace that he [gives.

2 'Tis ſweet to recline
On the boſom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine:
While, born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
We with ſinging and triumph to *Sion* remove.

3 As doves, we have preſt
To the ark of thy breaſt,
That harbour of ſafety, that centre of reſt:
Thou haſt taken us in,
Thou haſt cancell'd our ſin,
And ſown the ſure ſeed of ſalvation within.

4 Our ſeeking thy face
Was the fruit of thy grace;
Thy goodneſs deſerves, and ſhall have, all the praiſe:
No ſinner can be
Beforehand with thee;
Thy grace is preventing, almighty, and free.

5 Effectually drawn,
We came to thy SON:
And thou'lt perfect the work, for the work was thy own:
Thy breath, from above,
The ſpark ſhall improve;
No floods can extinguiſh our dawning of love.

6 This proof we can give,
That thee we receive,
Thou art *precious* alone to the ſouls that *believe*:
Thou art precious to us;
All beſides is as droſs,
When compar'd with thy love, and the blood of thy croſs.

II.

7 LORD, one thing we want:
More holineſs grant!

For

For more of thy mind, and thy likeneſs, we pant:
Thine Image impreſs
On thy favorite race;
Oh, faſhion and poliſh thy veſſels of grace.

8 Thy workmanſhip we
More plainly would be:
LORD, take us in hand, and conform us to THEE!
Thy impreſſion to bear,
Thy likeneſs to wear,
Be this our ambition, our ſtudy, and pray'r!

9 Thou haſt made it our will
To reſemble Thee ſtill:
Turn our hearts to thy SPIRIT, as clay to the ſeal!
While onward we move
To thy *Canaan* above,
Make us holy and humble before Thee in love.

10 All this ſhall be done;
'Tis already begun!
Thou, from conqu'ring to conquer, in us wilt go on:
In us, when we die,
Thy grace from on high
Will the finiſhing hand to thine Image apply.

11 We ſhall ſtill be renew'd,
'Till thy SPIRIT and blood
Have ripen'd us quite for the viſion of GOD:
When that moment is come,
Thou wilt ſend for us home,
And thy perfected ſaints to thy glory aſſume.

12 On IMMANUEL's land
We ſhortly ſhall ſtand,
With crowns on our heads, and with harps in our hand;
His harp, lo, each tunes!
Lo, we caſt down our crowns!
And with ſongs of ſalvation heav'n's concave reſounds!

Bleſſedneſs of the righteous.

VIDE PSALM r. 4. 17. 25. 32. 46. 48. 85. 87. 72. 89. 91. 107. 112. 121.

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PRAYER.

HYMN I.

1 BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promiſe calls me near;
There JESUS ſhews a ſmiling face,
And waits to anſwer pray'r.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which ſprinkled round I ſee;
Provides for thoſe who come to GOD,
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My ſoul aſk what thou wilt,
Thou canſt not be too bold;

Since

Since his own blood for thee was ſpilt,
What elſe can he withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmoſt wants
His love and pow'r can bleſs;
To praying ſouls he always grants,
More than they can expreſs.

5 Thine image LORD, beſtow,
Thy preſence and thy love;
I aſk to ſerve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

6 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory ſhine.

HYMN II.

Acceſs to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And ſmile to ſee our FATHER there
Upon a throne of love.

2 Once 'twas a ſeat of dreadful wrath
And ſhot devouring flame:
Our GOD appear'd *conſuming fire*,
And Vengeance was his name.

3 Rich were the drops of JESU's blood,
That calm'd his frowning face,
That ſprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the LORD:
No fiery cherub guards his ſeat,
No double flaming ſword.

5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliſs
Are open'd by the SON;
High let us raiſe our notes of praiſe,
And reach th' almighty throne.

6 To thee ten thouſand thanks we bring,
Great advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal king
That lays his fury by.

HYMN III.

Exhortation to Prayer.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy-ſeat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wiſhes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob ſaw;
Gives exerciſe to faith and love,
Brings every bleſſing from above.

3 Reſt raining

3 Reſtraining prayer, we ceaſe to fight;
Prayer makes the chriſtian's armor bright;
And ſatan trembles, when he ſees
The weakeſt ſaint upon his knees.

4 While Moſes ſtood with arms ſpread wide,
Succeſs was found on Iſrael's ſide;
But when thro' wearineſs they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words? ah, think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the ſad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly ſpent,
To heaven in ſupplication ſent;
Your cheerful ſong would oftener be,
"Hear what the LORD has done for me."

HYMN IV.

1 APPROACH, my ſoul, the mercy-ſeat
Where JESUS anſwers pray'r;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can periſh there.

2 Thy promiſe is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou calleſt burden'd ſouls to thee,
And ſuch, O LORD, am I.

3 Bow'd

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of ſin,
By ſatan ſorely preſt,
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for reſt.

4 Be thou my ſhield and hiding-place!
That, ſhelter'd near thy ſide,
I may my fierce accuſer face,
And tell him, "thou haſt dy'd."

5 Oh wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the croſs and ſhame,
That guilty ſinners, ſuch as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

6 "Poor tempeſt-toſſed ſoul, be ſtill,
My promis'd grace receive;"
'Tis JESUS ſpeaks—I muſt, I will,
I can, I do believe.

HYMN V.

1 BE with me LORD, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou would'ſt have me do,
Suggeſt what'er I think or ſay,
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me leſt I harbour pride,
Leſt I in my own ſtrength confide;
Shew me my weakneſs, let me ſee
I have my pow'r, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me alway with thy love,
My kind Protector ever prove;
Thy ſignet put upon my breaſt,
And let thy SPIRIT on me reſt.

4 Aſſiſt, and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey,
What thou abhorr'ſt, that may I flee,
And love alone what pleaſes thee.

5 Oh may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine fulfil;
Let all my time, and all my ways
Be ſpent, and ended to thy praiſe.

HYMN VI.

1 ALMIGHTY GOD of truth and love
In me thy pow'r exert,
The mountain from my ſoul remove,
The hardneſs of my heart:
My moſt obdurate heart ſubdue,
In honor to thy SON,
And now the gracious wonder ſhew,
And take away the ſtone.

2 Grant me a principle within
Of jealous godly fear;
A ſenſibility of ſin,
A pain to feel it near:
Give me the firſt approach to feel
Of pride or vain deſire,

To catch the wand'rings of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodneſs grieve;
The filial awe, the fleſhly heart,
The tender conſcience give:
Quick as the apple of an eye,
O GOD my conſcience make,
Awake my ſoul when ſin is nigh,
And keep it ſtill awake.

HYMN VII.

Eph. iii. 17

1 COME JESUS, come, deſcend and dwell,
By faith, and love, in ev'ry breaſt:
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expreſs'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward ſtrength,
Make our enlarged ſouls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeaſurable grace.

3 Now to the GOD whoſe pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting honors done,
By all the church, thro' CHRIST his SON!

VIDE PSALM 5. 119, 121. 126. 138.
Prayer in time of war, VIDE PSALM 20. 40.

HYMN

HYMN VIII.

1 SON of God, thy bleſſing grant;
Still ſupply my ev'ry want;
Tree of life! thine influence ſhed,
With thy ſap my ſpirit feed.

2 Tend'reſt branch, alas! am I;
Wither without thee, and die;
Weak as helpleſs infancy,
O confirm my ſoul in thee!

3 Unſuſtain'd by thee, I fall;
Send the ſtrength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruiſed reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me, ſave me to the end!
Give me the continuing grace;
Take the everlaſting praiſe!

HYMN IX.

The Lord's Prayer.

1 FATHER of all, Eternal mind,
In uncreated light enſhrin'd,
Immenſely good and great,
Thy children form'd and bleſt by thee,
With filial love and homage, we
Fall proſtrate at thy feet.

2 Thy name in hallow'd ſtrains be ſung,
Let ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
The ſolemn Concert join.
In loving, ſerving, praiſing thee
We find our chief felicity,
But cannot add to thine.

3 Thy righteous, mild, and ſov'reign reign,
Throughout creation's ample plain,
Let ev'ry being own:
LORD in our hearts, where paſſions rude
With fierce tumultuous rage intrude,
Erect thy peaceful throne.

4 As Angels round thy ſeat above,
With joyful haſte, and ardent love,
Thy bleſt commands fulfil;
So let thy creatures here below,
As far as thou haſt giv'n to know,
Perform thy ſacred will.

5 On thee we day by day depend,
Our being's author, and its end,
Our daily wants ſupply;
With healthful meat our Bodies feed,
Our Souls ſuſtain with living Bread,
Our Souls that never die.

6 Extend thy grace to ev'ry Fault,
Each ſingle action, word, and thought,
O let thy love forgive!
For thou haſt taught our hearts to ſhow

Divine

Divine forgiveneſs to our foe,
Nor let reſentment live.

7 Where tempting ſnares beſtrew the way,
To lead unwary minds aſtray,
Permit us not to tread;
Unleſs thy gracious aid appear,
T' avert the threat'ning evil near,
From our unguarded head.

8 Thy ſacred name we thus adore;
And thus thy choiceſt gifts implore
With joyful humble mind;
Becauſe thy pow'r and glory prove
Thy kingdom built on wiſdom, love,
Unceaſing, unconfin'd.—

PRAISE.

General ſubjects—VIDE PSALM 10. 6. 117. 146. 147. 148. 150. and Public worſhip—&c.

AFFLICTION.

HYMN I.

1 GOD moves in a myſterious way,
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footſteps in the ſea,
And rides upon the ſtorm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing ſkill,
He treaſures up his bright deſigns,
And works his ſov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful ſaints, freſh courage take!
The clouds ye ſo much dread
Are big with mercy, and ſhall break
With bleſſings on your head.

4 Judge not the LORD by feeble ſenſe,
But truſt him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a ſmiling face.

5 His purpoſes will ripen faſt,
Unfolding ev'ry hour:
The bud may have a bitter taſte,
But ſweet will be the flow'r.

6 Blind unbelief is ſure to err,
And ſcan his work in vain:
GOD is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

HYMN II.

1 'TWAS thus the ſaints of GOD,
His meſſengers and ſeers,
The narrow path of ſuff'rings trod,
And walk'd this vale of tears:

2 Through ſore afflictions paſt
To better worlds above;

And more than conquer'd all at laſt,
Through our REDEEMER's love.

3 Suff'rers, like them, beneath,
Through much diſtreſs and pain,
Through various toils of ſin and death,
We come with them to reign:

4 JESUS, our glorious king,
Shall wipe our tears away,
And call us up, his praiſe to ſing,
In everlaſting day.

5 Chang'd by his mighty love,
We ſhall be as our LORD,
And fill our deſtin'd thrones above,
Now promis'd in his word:

6 Glory ſhall end the ſtrife,
And in theſe bodies ſhine;
JESUS, our everlaſting life,
Our fleſh ſhall be like thine.

7 JESUS, ſhall wipe the tear
From each believing eye:
Affliction, pain, and grief, and fear,
And death itſelf, ſhall die.

HYMN III.

1 HOW happy is the chriſtian's ſtate!
His ſins are all forgiv'n;
A chearing ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

2 Tho'

2 Tho' in the rugged path of life
He heaves the penſive ſigh;
Yet, truſting in his GOD, he finds
Deliv'ring grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wand'ring ſteps,
He feels the chaſt'ning rod;
The gentle ſtroke ſhall bring him back
To his forgiving GOD.

4 And when the welcome meſſage comes
To call his ſoul away;
His ſoul, in raptures, ſhall aſcend
To everlaſting day.

HYMN IV.

1 SINCE all the downward tract of time
GOD's watchful eye ſurve
O! who ſo wiſe to chooſe our lot
And regulate our ways?

2 Aſſure us of thy wond'rous love
Unmeaſurably kind
To his unnerring, gracious will
Be ev'ry wiſh reſign'd.

3 Good when he gives ſupremely good,
Nor leſs, when he denies,
Ev'n croſſes, from his ſov'reign hand,
Are bleſſings in diſguiſe.

4 In

4 In thy fair book of life divine,
My GOD inſcribe my name,
There let it fill ſome humble place,
Beneath my LORD the LAMB!

5 Thy ſaints, while ages roll away,
In endleſs fame ſurvive,
Their glories, o'er the wrongs of time
Greatly triumphant, live.

HYMN V.

1 COME on my part'ners in diſtreſs,
My comrades thro' the wilderneſs,
Who ſtill your bodies feel!
Awhile forget your griefs and fears
And look beyond the vale of tears
To that celeſtial hill.

2 See where the LAMB in glory ſtands,
Incircled with his radiant bands,
And join the angelic pow'rs:
For, all that height of glorious bliſs,
Our everlaſting portion is,
And all that heav'n is ours.

3 Who ſuffer for their Maſter here,
Shall ſoon before his face appear,
And by his ſide ſit down;
To patient faith the prize is ſure,
And they who to the end endure
The croſs, ſhall wear the crown.

4 Thrice bleſſed bliſs!—Inſpiring hope!
It lifts the fainting ſpirits up!
It brings to life the dead!
Our conflicts here ſhall ſoon be paſt,
And then we ſhall aſcend at laſt,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great myſterious DEITY
We ſoon with open face ſhall ſee—
The beatific ſight
Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praiſe,
And wide diffuſe the golden blaze
Of everlaſting light!

HYMN VI.

God the only Refuge in Trouble.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary ſoul,
On thee when ſorrows riſe,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 When hope revives, tho' preſs'd with fears,
And I can ſay MY GOD,
Beneath thy feet I ſpread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.

3 To thee I tell each riſing grief,
For thou alone canſt heal;
Thy word can bring a ſweet relief,
For ev'ry pain I feel.

4 But O! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The ſprings of comfort ſeem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

5 Yet, gracious GOD, where ſhall I flee,
Thou art my only truſt?
And ſtill my ſoul wou'd cleave to thee,
Tho' proſtrate in the duſt.

6 Haſt thou not bid me ſeek thy face?
And ſhall I ſeek in vain?
And can the ear of ſov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

7 No, ſtill the ear of ſov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
O may I ever find acceſs
To breathe my ſorrows there.

8 Thy mercy-ſeat is open ſtill;
Here let my ſoul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN VII.

Self-Expoſtulation.

1 WHY ſhou'd I doubt his love at laſt,
With anxious thoughts perplext?
Who ſav'd me in my troubles paſt,
Will ſave me in the next.

2 Will ſave, till at my lateſt hour,
With more than conqueſt bleſt,
I ſoar, beyond affliction's pow'r,
To my REDEEMER's breaſt.

HYMN VIII.

1 IN ev'ry trouble ſharp and ſtrong,
My ſoul to JESUS flies,
My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When ſwelling billows riſe.

2 His comforts bear my ſpirits up,
I truſt a faithful GOD,
The ſure foundation of my hope,
Is in a SAVIOUR's blood.

3 Loud hallelujah's ſing my ſoul
To thy REDEEMER's name,
In joy, in ſorrow, life and death,
His love is ſtill the ſame.

HYMN IX.

1 JESUS, we own thy ſov'reign hand,
Thy faithful care we own;
Wiſdom and love are all thy ways,
When moſt to us unknown.

2 By thee the ſprings of life are form'd
And by thy breath are broke,
And good is ev'ry awful word
Our gracious LORD hath ſpoke.—

3 To thee we yield our comforts up;
To thee our lives reſign;
In ſtraits and dangers, rich and ſafe,
If we and ours are thine.

4 Thy ſaints, in earlier life remov'd,
In ſweeter accents ſing,
And bleſs the ſwiftneſs of their flight,
That bore them to their King.—

5 The burdens of a lengthen'd day
With patience we would bear;
Till ev'ning's welcome hour ſhall ſhew
We were our Maſter's care.—

HYMN X.

Caſting all your care upon him &c.

1 ENGAGING argument! I reſt
With confidence and faith entire,
What leſs than this can calm my breaſt?
What more than this can I deſire?

2 Encourag'd by ſo ſweet a word,
My ſoul forbids intruding fears;
To thee, my Father, gracious LORD,
I bring my weight of anxious cares.—

3 O can a guilty creature dare
Aſpire to favors ſo divine?
To claim an int'reſt in thy care?
Or call the glorious bleſſing mine?

4 O may thy SPIRIT's influence ſeal
Sweet conſolation to my ſoul!
Thy love, thy tender grace reveal;
The ſight ſhall all my fears controul.—

HYMN XI.

1 JESU, lover of my ſoul,
Let me to thy boſom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempeſt ſtill is high:
Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
'Till the ſtorm of life is paſt;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my ſoul at laſt!

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpleſs ſoul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still ſupport and comfort me:
All my truſt on thee is ſtay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceleſs head
With the ſhadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raiſe the fallen, chear the faint,
Heal the ſick, and lead the blind;
Juſt and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteouſneſs!
Vile, and full of ſin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my ſin:
Let the healing ſtreams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Riſe to all eternity!

HYMN XII.

1 GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

2 Friend of the friendleſs, and the faint!
Where ſhould I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whoſe open door
Invites the helpleſs and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuſe that mourner's plea?
Does not the word ſtill fix'd remain,
That none ſhall ſeek thy face in vain?

4 Poor tho' I am, deſpis'd, forgot,
Yet GOD, my GOD, forgets me not;
And he is ſafe and muſt ſucceed,
For whom the LORD vouchſafes to plead.

HYMN XIII.

Divine Correction.

1 HOW happy the ſorrowful man,
Whoſe ſorrow is ſent from above!
Indulg'd with a viſit of pain,
Chaſtis'd by omnipotent love:
The author of all his diſtreſs,
He comes by affliction to know;
And GOD he in heaven ſhall bleſs
That ever he ſuffer'd below.

2 Thus, thus may I happily grieve,
And hear the intent of his rod,
The marks of adoption receive,
The ſtrokes of a merciful GOD;
With nearer acceſs to his throne,
My burden of folly confeſs,
The cauſe of my miſeries own,
And cry for an anſwer of peace.

3 O FATHER of mercies, on me,
On me in affliction beſtow
A pow'r of applying to thee,
A ſanctify'd uſe of my woe
I would in a ſpirit of prayer
To all thy appointments ſubmit;
The pledge of my happineſs bear,
And joyfully die at thy feet.

4 Then FATHER and never 'till then,
I all the felicity prove,

Of living a moment in pain
Of dying in JESUS's love:
A ſufferer here with my LORD,
With JESUS above I ſit down;
Receive an eternal reward,
And glory obtain in a crown.

HYMN XIV.

Submiſſion to afflictive Providence.

Job i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at firſt;
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our duſt.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort favours borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis GOD that lifts our comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the grave;
He gives, and (bleſſed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry paſſions then!
Let each rebellious ſigh
Be ſilent at his ſov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If ſmiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the juſtice too
That ſtrikes our comforts dead.

HYMN XV.

1 SUBMISSIVE to thy will my GOD
I all to thee reſign,
And bow before the chaſt'ning rod
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why ſhould my fooliſh heart complain
When wiſdom, truth, and love
Directs the ſtroke, inflicts the pain,
And points to joys above?

3 How ſhort are all my ſufferings here,
How needful every croſs:
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain my loſs.

4 Then give dear LORD, or take away,
I'll bleſs thy ſacred name,
My JESUS, yeſterday, to day,
Forever is the ſame!

HYMN XVI.

1 WHEN languor and diſeaſe invade
This trembling houſe of clay,
'Tis ſweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whiſpers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where JESUS pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and ſee my name
In life's fair book ſet down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine
My ſins on JESUS laid;
Sweet to remember, that his blood
My debt of ſuff'ring paid.

5 Sweet in his righteouſneſs to ſtand,
Which ſaves from ſecond death,
Sweet to experience day by day
His ſpirit's quick'ning breath.

6 Sweet on his faithfulneſs to reſt,
Whoſe love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To truſt his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie paſſive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

8 If ſuch the ſweetneſs of the ſtream,
What muſt the fountain be,
Where ſaints and angels draw their bliſs,
Immediately from thee.

HYMN XVII.

As thy Days, ſo ſhall thy Strength be,

Deut. xxxiii. 25.

1 AFFLICTED ſaint, to CHRIST draw near,
Thy SAVIOR's gracious promiſe hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be

2 Let not thy heart deſpond and ſay,
"How ſhall I ſtand the trying day?"
GOD has engag'd by firm decree,
That as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are ſtrong;
And if the conflict ſhould be long,
Thy LORD will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

4 Should perſecution rage and flame,
Still truſt in thy REDEEMER's name;
In fiery trials thou ſhalt ſee,
That as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

5 When call'd to bear the weighty croſs,
Or ſore afflictions, pain, or loſs,
Or deep diſtreſs, or poverty,
Still as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

6 When ghaſtly death appear in view,
CHRIST's preſence ſhall thy fears ſubdue;
He comes to ſet thy ſpirit free,
And as thy days, thy ſtrength ſhall be.

HYMN XVIII.

Fear not, for I am with thee, Isaiah xli. 10.

1 AND art thou with us, gracious LORD,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our GOD,
Our GOD for ever near?

2 Dost thou a Father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints?
And in such friendly accents speak
To sooth their sad complaints?

3 Why droop our hearts? why flow our eyes,
While such a voice we hear?
Why rise our sorrows and our fears,
While such a friend is near?

4 To all thy other favors, add
A heart to trust thy word;
And death itself shall hear us sing,
While resting on the LORD.

HYMN XIX.

Why art thou cast down.

1 BE still my heart! these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares,
They cast dishonour on thy LORD,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he proivde,
Or lose thy way with such a guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat,
Thou didst thy all to him commit;
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and pow'r.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 Like David, thou may'st comfort draw,
Sav'd from the bear's and lion's paw;
Goliah's rage I may defy,
For GOD, my SAVIOUR, still is nigh.

6 He who has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey thro',
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

7 Tho' rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace to GOD;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heav'n will make amends for all.

HYMN XX.

Sickneſs and Recovery.

1 AWHILE remain'd the doubtful ſtrife,
'Till JESUS gave me back my life,
My life?—my ſoul, recall the word,
'Tis life to ſee thee, gracious LORD!

2 Why inconvenient *now* to die?
Vile unbelief, O tell me why?
When can it inconvenient be,
My loving LORD, to come to thee?

3 O bleſs him!—bleſs, ye dying ſaints,
The GOD of grace, when nature faints!
He ſhew'd my fleſh the gaping grave,
To ſhew me, he had power to ſave.

COMP. PSALM 118. 18.

HYMN XXI.

My times are in thy hand.

Pſalm xxxi. 15. xxxiv. 1

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the ſkies,
Ever gracious, ever wiſe!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 His

2 His decree, who form'd the earth,
Fix'd my firſt and and ſecond birth:
Parents, native-place, and time,
All appointed were by him.

3 He that form'd me in the womb,
He ſhall guide me to the tomb:
All my times ſhall ever be
Order'd by his wiſe decree.

4 Times of ſickneſs, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth:
Times of trial and of grief;
Times of triumph and relief.

5 Times the tempter's power to prove;
Times to taſte a SAVIOUR's love:
All muſt come, and laſt, and end,
As ſhall pleaſe my heavenly Friend.

6 Plagues and deaths around me fly;
Till he bids I cannot die;
Not a ſingle ſhaft can hit
Till the GOD of love ſees fit.

7 O thou gracious, wiſe, and juſt,
In thy hands my life I truſt:
Have I ſomewhat dearer ſtill?
I reſign it to thy will.

8 May I always own thy hand—
Still to the ſurrender ſtand:
Know that thou art GOD alone,
I and mine are all thy own.

9 Thee

9 Thee, at all times, will I bleſs;
Having thee, I all poſſeſs:
How can I bereaved be,
Since I cannot part with thee.

HYMN XXII.

Humble reliance.

1 MY God, my Father, bliſsful name!
O may I call thee mine;
May I with ſweet aſſurance claim
A portion ſo divine!

2 This only can my fears controul,
And bid my ſorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my ſoul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would reſign;
For thou art juſt, and wiſe, and good;
O bend my will to thine!

4 Whate'er thy ſacred will ordains,
O give me ſtrength to bear;
O let me know my Father reigns,
And truſt thy tender care.

5 If pain and ſickneſs rend this frame,
And life almoſt depart,
Is not thy mercy ſtill the ſame,
To cheer my drooping heart?

6 If cares and ſorrow me ſurround,
Their pow'r why ſhould I fear?
My inward peace they cannot wound,
If thou, my GOD, art near.—

7 Thy ſov'reign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring ſight;
Yet let my ſoul, adoring own
That all thy ways are right.

8 My GOD, my Father, be thy name
My ſolace and my ſtay!
O deign to ſeal my humble claim,
And drive my fears away.

HYMN XXIII.

My Grace is ſufficient for thee, 2 Cor. xii. 9.

1 KIND are the words that JESUS ſpeaks
To cheer the drooping ſaint;
"My grace ſufficient is for you,
"Tho nature's powers may faint.

2 "My grace its glories ſhall diſplay,
"And make your griefs remove;
"Your weakneſs ſhall the triumphs tell
"Of boundleſs power and love."

3 What tho' my griefs are not remov'd,
Yet why ſhould I deſpair?
While my kind SAVIOUR's arms ſupport,
I can the burden bear.

4 JESUS, my SAVIOUR, and my LORD,
'Tis good to truſt thy name:
Thy power, thy faithfulneſs and love
Will ever be the ſame.

5 Weak as I am, yet thro' thy grace
I all things can perform;
And ſmiling triumph in thy name,
Amid the raging ſtorm.

VIDE PSALM 34, 37, 40, 42, 46, 91, 146.

HOLY COMMUNION.

HYMN I.

1 JESUS invites his ſaints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd ſinner ſit, and hold
Communion with thy LORD.

2 For food, he gives his fleſh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor! matchleſs grace!
Of our redeeming GOD.

3 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious name to raiſe;
Pleaſure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praiſe.

HYMN II.

1 WHY does your face, ye humble ſouls,
Thoſe mournful colours wear;
What doubts are theſe that waſte your faith,
And nouriſh your deſpair?

2 What tho' your num'rous ſins exceed
The ſtars that fill the ſkies,
And, aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains riſe.

3 See here an endleſs ocean flows
Of never failing grace:
Behold a dying SAVIOUR's veins
The ſacred flood increaſe.

4 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that ſwells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN III.

1 AND are we now brought near to GOD,
Who once at diſtance ſtood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did JESUS *ſhed* his blood?

2 O for a ſong of ardent praiſe
To bear our ſouls above!
What ſhould allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love!

3 Draw us, O LORD, with quick'ning grace;
And bring us yet more near;
Here may we ſee thy glories ſhine,
And taſte thy mercies here.

4 O may that love, which ſpread thy board,
Diſpoſe us for the feaſt;
May faith behold a ſmiling GOD
Thro' JESU's bleeding breaſt.

5 Fir'd with the view, our ſouls ſhall riſe
In ſuch a ſcene as this,
And view the happy moment near,
That ſhall complete our bliſs.

HYMN IV.

1 MY GOD, and is thy table ſpread;
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led
And let them all thy ſweetneſs know.

2 Hail, ſacred feaſt which JESUS makes,
Rich banquet of his fleſh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes,
That ſacred ſtream, that heav'nly food.

3 Why are its bleſſings all in vain
Before unwilling hearts diſplay'd;
Was not for you the victim ſlain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O! let thy table honour'd be
And furniſh'd well with joyful gueſts!
And may each ſoul ſalvation ſee
That here its ſacred pledges taſtes.

HYMN V.

1 'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell aroſe
Againſt the SON of GOD's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2 Before the mournful ſcene began,
He took the bread, and bleſs'd, and brake:
What love thro' all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he ſpake!

3 "This is my body broke for ſin,
"Receive and eat the living food."
Then took the cup, and bleſs'd the wine!
"This the new cov'nant in my blood.

4 "Do this (he cry'd) 'till time ſhall end,
"In memory of your dying friend;"
Meet at my table, and record
"The love of your departed LORD."

5 JESUS thy feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhew thy death, we ſing thy name,
'Till thou return'ſt, and we ſhall eat
The marriage-ſupper of the LAMB.

HYMN

HYMN VI.

1 TO JESUS our exalted LORD,
Dear name, by heaven and earth ador'd!
Fain would our hearts and voices raiſe
A chearful ſong of ſacred praiſe.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak and languiſhing and low;
Far, far above our humble ſongs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around his board we meet,
And humbly worſhip at his feet;
O let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love!

4 Let faith our feeble ſenſes aid,
To ſee thy wonderous love diſplay'd,
Thy broken fleſh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleaſing anguiſh, flow;
And thy forgiving ſmiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

HYMN VII.

1 THUS we commemorate the day,
On which our deareſt LORD was ſlain;
Thus we our pious homage pay,
'Till he appears on earth again.

2 Come,

2 Come, great REDEEMER, open wide
The curtains of the parting ſky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's ſwift pinions fly.

3 Come, king of kings, with thy bright train,
Cherubs, and ſeraphs, heavenly hoſts;
Aſſume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coaſts.

4 Come, LORD, and where thy croſs once ſtood,
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nation, for thy own.

HYMN VIII.

1 LORD when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives my drooping heart,
And bids intruding fears depart.

2 But while thy ſuff'rings I ſurvey,
And faith enjoys a heavenly ray,
Theſe dear memorials of thy pain
Preſent anew the dreadful ſcene.

3 For mortal crimes a ſacrifice,
The LORD of life and glory dies:
What love, what mercy, how divine!
SAVIOR and can I call thee mine?

4 Repentant ſorrow fills my heart,
While mingling joy allays the ſmart,
O may my future life declare
The ſorrow and the joy ſincere.

5 Be all my heart, and all my days
Devoted to my SAVIOR's praiſe;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

HYMN IX.

Rejoicing in our Covenant-Engagements to GOD.

2 Chron. xv. 15.

1 O Happy day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my SAVIOUR, and my GOD!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that ſeals my vows
To him, who merits all my love!
Let cheerful Anthems fill his houſe,
While to his ſacred throne I move.

3 'Tis done; the great tranſaction's done;
I am my LORD's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confeſs the voice divine.

4 Now reſt my long divided heart,
Fix'd on this bliſsful center reſt;

With

With aſhes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angels bread to feaſt?

5 High heav'n, that heard the ſolemn vow,
That vow renew'd ſhall daily hear:
'Till in life's lateſt hour I bow,
And bleſs in death a bond ſo dear.

BAPTISM.

HYMN I.

1 BORN to fulfil all righteouſneſs
Commiſſion'd to redeem;
With joy we ſee the SON of GOD
Baptis'd in Jordan's ſtream.

2 At his command our babes we bring
The ſacred rite we own;
Deign bleſt IMMANUEL to accept
The off'ring at thy throne.

3 The myſtic Zeal with grace attend;
Thy life inſpiring word,
Shall make the child beloved by us
Beloved of the LORD.

4 Deſcend thine ordinance to bleſs!
Deſcend celeſtial DOVE!

This

This earthly nature renovate
Inſcribe thy law of love!

5 The taint of inbred ſin efface,
Waſh with a SAVIOR's blood
And let maturer life atteſt
The cov'nant made with GOD.

6 Under thy banner may we fight;
Conſtrain'd by JESU's love,
To wage thy glorious wars below,
Then ſhout thy praiſe above.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

HYMN I.

1 SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change ſhall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my ſpirit home.

2 Then ſhall my diſempriſon'd ſoul
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeneſs ſatisfy'd,
And grieve and ſin no more.

3 Soon too my ſlumb'ring duſt ſhall hear
The trumpet's quick'ning ſound,

And

And by my SAVIOR's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.

4 Theſe eyes ſhall ſee him in that day,
The GOD that dy'd for me;
And all my riſing bones ſhall ſay,
LORD, who is like to thee!

5 If ſuch the views which grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below;
What raptures muſt the church above
In JESU's preſence know!

6 Oh may the unction of theſe truths
For ever with me ſtay,
'Till from this earthly houſe diſmiſs'd,
My ſpirit flies away.

HYMN II.

1 HOSANNA to JESUS on high!
Another has enter'd his reſt;
Another eſcap'd to the ſky,
And lodg'd in IMMANUEL's breaſt:
The ſoul of our brother is gone
To heighten the triumph above;
Exalted to JESUS's throne!
Exalted by JESUS's love!

2 How happy the angels that fall
Tranſported at JESUS's name!
The ſaints, whom he ſooneſt ſhall call,
To ſhare in the feaſt of the LAMB!

No

No longer impriſon'd in clay,
Who next from this body ſhall fly?
Who firſt ſhall be ſummon'd away?
My merciful GOD!—Is it I?

3 O JESUS, if this be thy will,
That ſuddenly I ſhould depart,
Thy counſel of mercy reveal,
And whiſper the call to my heart:
O give me a ſignal to know
If ſoon thou wou'd'ſt have me remove,
And leave the dull body below,
And fly to the regions of love.

HYMN III.

1 THE ſpirits of the juſt,
Confin'd in bodies, groan;
'Till death conſigns the corpſe to duſt,
And then the conflict 's done.

2 JESUS, who died to ſave,
The LAMB for ſinners ſlain,
Perfum'd the chambers of the grave,
And made ev'n death our gain.

3 Why fear we then to truſt
The place where JESUS lay?
In quiet reſts our brother's * duſt,
And thus it ſeems to ſay:

4 "Forbear, my friends, to weep,
"Since death hath loſt its ſting:

* Or Siſters.

" Thoſe chriſtians, that in JESUS ſleep,
" Our GOD will with him bring."

5 This meſſage then receive,
And grief indulge no more;
Be active here for GOD; believe
And wait the welcome hour.

HYMN IV.

1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
And ſhake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that JESUS ſends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As faſt as time can move?
Nor ſhould we wiſh the hours more ſlow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear fleſh of JESUS lay,
And left a long perfume.

4 The graves of all his ſaints he bleſt,
And ſoften'd ev'ry bed;
Where ſhould the dying members reſt,
But with their dying head?

5 Thence he aroſe, aſcended high,
And ſhew'd our feet the way:
Up to the LORD our fleſh ſhall fly,
At the great riſing day.

6 Then

6 Then let us, who in CHRIST believe,
With ſaints and angels join;
Glory, and praiſe, and bleſſing give,
And thanks, to grace divine.

HYMN V.

1 IN a world of ſin and ſorrow,
Compaſs'd round with many a care,
From eternity we borrow
Hope, that can exclude deſpair:
Thee, triumphant GOD and SAVIOUR!
In the glaſs of faith we ſee;
O aſſiſt each faint endeavour;
Raiſe our earth-born ſouls to thee.

2 Place that awful ſcene before us,
Of the laſt tremendous day;
When to life thou ſhalt reſtore us,
Ling'ring ages, haſte away!
Then this vile and ſinful nature
Incorruption ſhall put on;
Life renewing, glorious SAVIOUR!
Let thy gracious will be done.

HYMN VI.

On the Death of a Believer.

1 IN vain my fancy ſtrives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that ſurround the ſaints,
When yielding up their breath.

2 One gentle ſigh their fetters breaks;
We ſcarce can ſay, "They're gone!"
Before the willing ſpirit takes
Her manſion near the throne.

3 Faith ſtrives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight:
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,
They are completely bleſt;
Have done with ſin, and care, and woe,
And with their SAVIOUR reſt.

5 On harps of gold they praiſe his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us follow'rs be of them,
That we may praiſe him too.

6 Their faith and patience, love and zeal,
Should make their mem'ry dear;
And, LORD, do thou the pray'rs fulfil
They offer'd for us here!

7 While they have gain'd, we loſers are,
We miſs them day by day;
But thou can'ſt every breach repair,
And wipe our tears away.

8 We pray, as in Eliſha's caſe,
When great Elijah went,
May double portions of thy grace,
To us who ſtay, be ſent.

HYMN VII.

1 AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die:
My ſoul ſhall quit the mournful vale,
And ſoar to worlds on high:
Shall join the diſembody'd ſaints,
And find its long-ſought reſt,
That only bliſs for which it pants,
In the REDEEMER's breaſt.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the croſs ſuſtain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And ſmile at toil and pain:
I ſuffer on my threeſcore years,
'Till my deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his ſervant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath JESUS bought for me!
Before my raviſh'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I ſee,
And trees of paradiſe:
I ſee a world of ſpirits bright,
Who taſte the pleaſures there;
They all are rob'd in ſpotleſs white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my ſuff'rings here,
If, LORD, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd hoſt t' appear,
And worſhip at thy feet!

Give joy or grief, give eaſe or pain,
Take life and friends away!
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day!

HYMN VIII.

1 THEE we adore, eternal name;
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

2 Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As months and days increaſe,
And ev'ry beating pulſe we tell,
Leaves one the number leſs.

3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away
The breath that firſt it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.

4 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground
To puſh us to the tomb;
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a ſlender thread
Hang everlaſting things;
Th' eternal ſtates of all the dead
Upon life's feeble ſtrings.

6 Infinite

6 Infinite joy, or endleſs woe
Attend on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death.

7 Waken, O LORD, our drowſy ſenſe,
To walk this dang'rous road:
And if our ſouls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with GOD.

HYMN IX.

The tolling Bell.

1 OFT as the bell, with ſolemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a ſoul,
Let each one aſk himſelf, "Am I
Prepar'd, ſhould I be call'd to die?"

2 LORD JESUS! help me now to flee,
And ſeek my hope alone in thee;
Apply thy blood, thy ſpirit give,
Subdue my ſin, and let me live.

3 Then, when the ſolemn bell I hear,
If ſav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought diſtreſſing be,
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

4 Rather, my ſpirit would rejoice,
And long, and wiſh, to hear thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth reſign,
Secure of heav'n, if thou art mine.

VIDE PSALM XC.

DAY of JUDGMENT.

HYMN I.

1 LO! he comes with clouds deſcending,
Once for favour'd ſinners ſlain:
Thouſand thouſand ſaints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Ev'ry eye ſhall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful majeſty;
Thoſe who ſet at nought and ſold him,
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH ſee.

3 Ev'ry iſland, ſea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth, ſhall flee away;
All who hate him, muſt, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption long expected,
See! in ſolemn pomp appear!
All his ſaints, by man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the air!
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah!
See the day of GOD appear!

5 Anſwer thine own bride and ſpirit,
Haſten, LORD, the gen'ral doom!
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining exiles home:
All creation,
Travails! groans! and bids thee come!

6 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne!
SAVIOUR, take the pow'r and glory;
Claim the kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! come, LORD, come!

HYMN II.

1 HE comes! he comes! the judge ſevere,
The ſeventh trumpet ſpeaks him near;
His lightnings flaſh, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful ſoul;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful ſoul.

2 From heav'n angelic voices ſound,
See th' almighty JESUS crown'd!
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the SAVIOUR's face;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
Glory decks the SAVIOUR's face.

3 Deſcending

3 Deſcending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms as his own;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant LORD;
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant LORD.

4 Shout all the people of the ſky,
And all the ſaints of the moſt high:
Our GOD, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns,
Ever, ever, ever, ever,
Ever, and for ever reigns.

5 The FATHER praiſe, the SON adore,
The ſpirit bleſs for evermore:
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome the great THREE in ONE;
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome the great THREE in ONE.

HYMN III.

1 DAY of judgment day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpets awful ſound,
Louder than ten thouſand thunders,
Shakes the vaſt creation round!
How the ſummons,
Will the ſinner's heart confound!

2 See the judge our nature wearing
Cloth'd in majeſty divine!
You, who long for his appearing,
Then ſhall ſhout "*this* GOD *is mine*"

Gracious

Gracious Savior,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 Lo 'tis he our hearts desire,
Come for his belov'd below!
Come to join us with his choir!
Come to make our joys o'erflow,
Palms of vict'ry
Crowns of glory to bestow!

4 Under sorrows and reproaches
May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be chang'd for praise:
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

5 Yes, the prize shall then be giv'n;
We his open face shall see;
Love, the earnest of our heaven,
Love our full reward shall be:
Love shall crown us
King's to all eternity!

Vide PSALM XCVII.

The *JOYS* of *HEAVEN.*

HYMN I.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;

And

And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our ſong.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And diſcord there ſhall ceaſe;
And perfect joy, and love ſincere
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The ſoul, from ſin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, cloath'd in ſpotleſs purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted SAVIOUR ſhines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

5 There ſhall the followers of the LAMB
Join in immortal ſongs;
And endleſs honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 LORD tune our hearts to praiſe and love.
Our feeble notes inſpire;
'Till, in thy bliſsful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

HYMN II.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where ſaints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleaſures baniſh pain.

2 There

2 There everlaſting ſpring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow ſea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood
Stand dreſs'd in living green;
So to the jews old canaan ſtood,
While jordan roll'd between.

4 But fearful mortals ſtart and ſhrink
To croſs this narrow ſea;
And linger, ſhiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! cou'd we make our doubts remove,
Thoſe gloomy doubts that riſe,
And ſee the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Cou'd we but climb where Moſes ſtood,
And view the landſkip o'er,
Not jordan's ſtreams, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the ſhore.

HYMN III.

Sight of GOD *and* CHRIST *in* Heaven.

1 DESCEND from heav'n immortal dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of theſe inferior things.

3 O for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight!
Of our almighty FATHER's throne!
There ſits our SAVIOUR, crown'd with light,
Cloath'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring ſaints around him ſtand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall,
The GOD ſhines gracious thro' the man,
And ſheds ſweet glories on them all.

4 When ſhall the day, dear LORD, appear,
That we ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow among them there,
And view thy face, and ſing thy love?

HYMN IV.

1 WHAT fullneſs of rapture is there,
Where JESUS his glory diſplays;
Where JESUS is pleas'd to reveal
The light of his heavenly face;
Where, caught in the rapturous flame,
The ſight beatific they prove;
And walk in the light of the LAMB,
Repoſe in the beams of his love.

2 Who then upon earth can conceive
The bliſs that in heaven they ſhare?
And who this dark world would not leave.
And chearfully die to be there?
Where CHRIST is our light and our ſun,
And we by reflection ſhall ſhine;
With him everlaſtingly one,
And bright in effulgence divine!

3 'Tis

3 'Tis good, at thy word, to be here;
'Tis better in thee to be gone;
And ſee thee in glory appear,
And riſe to a ſhare of thy throne;
The tears ſhall be wiped from our eyes,
When thee we behold in the cloud;
And echo the joys of the ſkies,
And ſhout to the trumpet of GOD.

HYMN V.

1 FAR from theſe narrow ſcenes of night,
Unbounded glories riſe,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair diſtant land!—could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our ſpirits long to riſe,
And dwell on earth no more.

3 No cloud theſe bliſsful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For ſin, the ſource of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 The glorious Monarch there diſplays
His beams of wond'rous grace:
His happy ſubjects ſing his praiſe,
And bow before his face.

5 O may the heav'nly proſpect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,

'Tis

Till wings of faith and ſtrong deſire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

6 Prepare us LORD by grace divine
For thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our ſpirits riſe and join
The chorus of the ſky.

HYMN VI.

1 EARTH has engroſs'd my love too long;
'Tis time I lift mine eyes
Upward, dear FATHER, to thy throne,
And to my native ſkies.

2 There the bleſt man my SAVIOUR ſits;
The GOD, how bright he ſhines!
He ſcatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

3 Seraphs, with elevated ſtrains,
Circle the throne around;
And move, and charm the ſtarry plains
With an immortal ſound.

4 JESUS, the LORD, their harps employs;
JESUS, my love, they ſing:
JESUS, the life of both our joys,
Sounds ſweet from ev'ry ſtring.

5 Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and ſpace they run,

And

And echo in majeſtic ſounds
The godhead of the SON!

6 And now they ſink the lofty tune,
And gentler notes they play;
And bring the FATHER'S EQUAL down
To dwell in humble clay.

7 O ſacred beauties of the man!
(The GOD reſides within:)
His fleſh all pure, without a ſtain;
His ſoul without a ſin.

PART II.

1 WHEN ſaints above to *Calvary* turn,
Silent their harps abide:
Suſpended ſongs, a moment, mourn
The GOD that lov'd and died.

2 Then, all at once, to living ſtrains
They ſummon ev'ry chord:
Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
And chaunt the riſing LORD.

3 Now let me mount, and join their ſong,
And be an angel too:
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

4 I would begin the muſic here,
And ſo my ſoul ſhould riſe:

O for ſome heav'nly notes to bear
My paſſions to the ſkies!

5 There ye, that love my SAVIOUR, ſit:
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might ſee his face.

VIDE PSALM XCII.

EXCELLENCE OF THE BIBLE.

HYMN I.

Prefixed to the Old Engliſh Bible, printed in 1607.

1 HERE is the ſpring where waters flow
To quench our heat of ſin:
Here is the tree where truth doth grow
To lead our lives therein,

2 The tidings of Salvation dear
Comes to our ears from hence
The fortreſs of our faith is here
And ſhield of our defence.

3 Read not this book in any caſe
But with a ſingle eye.
Read not but firſt deſire GOD's grace
To underſtand thereby—.

4 Pray ſtill in faith with this reſpect
To fructify therein;
That knowledge may have this effect
To mortify thy ſin.

5 Then happy thou in all thy life
What ſo to thee befalls!
Yea doubly happy ſhalt thou be
When GOD by death thee calls.

HYMN II.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endleſs glory ſhines?
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For theſe celeſtial lines.

2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows;
And yields a free repaſt;
Sublimer ſweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taſte.

3 Here ſprings of conſolation riſe,
To chear the fainting mind;
And thirſty ſouls receive ſupplies,
And ſweet refreſhment find.

4 When guilt and terror, pain and grief,
United rend the heart;
Here ſinners meet divine relief,
And cool the raging ſmart.

5 Here the REDEEMER's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;

And

And life, and everlaſting joys
Attend the bliſsful ſound.

6 O may theſe heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight,
And ſtill new beauties may I ſee,
And ſtill increaſing light.

7 Divine inſtructor gracious LORD!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy ſacred word,
And view my SAVIOUR there.

HYMN III.

Reading or hearing the Scripture.

1 O GOD of wiſdom, GOD of might,
Great ruler in the realms of light;
Whoſe truths are hid from prudent eyes,
But make the babe and ſuckling wiſe;
Help thy unknowing ſervants, LORD,
To hear and underſtand thy word.

2 Reveal thy ſcriptures to our minds;
Here let us heav'nly treaſures find;
Do thou thoſe ſacred leaves unfold,
Let us thy richeſt grace behold:
O let thy ſpirit lead us forth,
And teach us all its endleſs worth.

3 Direct us, leſt we judge amiſs,
Leſt error cloud the hidden bliſs;

Th'

Th' ingrafted word may we receive,
And back to thee the glory give:
O make us know, O make us hear
The glorious tidings treasur'd there.

HYMN IV.

The Word of GOD *more precious than Gold.*

1 PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of GOD afford?
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Tho' it fills, it never cloys.
On a dying CHRIST I feed,
Here is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find.
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield.

While

While the ſcripture-truths endure,
From his pow'r I'm ſecure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I take the Spirit's ſword,
Then with eaſe I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at thy word:
'Tis a ſword for conqueſt made,
Keen the edge, and ſharp the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miſer
Doating on his golden ſtore?
Sure I am, or ſhou'd be wiſer;
I am rich, 'tis he is poor.
JESUS gives me in his word
Food and med'cine, ſhield and ſword.

VIDE PSALM XIX. CXIX.

INVITATION.

HYMN I.

1 COME, ye ſinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore,
JESUS ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of pity, love and pow'r;
He is able,
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every bleſſing from on high,
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conſcience make you linger;
Nor of fitneſs fondly dream:
All the fitneſs he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,
'Tis his Spirit's riſing beam.

4 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your maker proſtrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finiſh'd:"
Sinner, will not this ſuffice?

5 Lo! th' incarnate God, aſcended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other truſt intrude:
None but Jesus,
Can do helpleſs ſinners good.

6 Saints and angels join'd in concert,
Sing the praiſes of the Lamb;
While the bliſsful ſeats of heav'n
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may ſing the ſame.

HYMN

HYMN II.

1 HO! ev'ry one that thirſts, draw nigh,
('Tis GOD invites a fallen race)
Mercy and free ſalvation buy.
Buy wine, and milk, and goſpel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come,
Sinners, obey your maker's word,
Return ye weary wand'rers home
And taſte the goodneſs of the LORD.

3 See, from the rock a fountain riſe!
For you in healing ſtreams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, ſin-ſick ſouls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange ſhall give,
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of GOD receive
Pardon and peace in JESUS find.

HYMN III.

1 HITHER, ye poor, ye ſick, ye blind,
A ſin-diſorder'd trembling throng;
To you the goſpel calls, to you
MESSIAH's bleſſings all belong.

2 Reaſon's and virtue's boaſting ſons
Derive no bleſſings from his tree:
For ſinners only JESUS dy'd——
Then ſure I hear he dy'd for me!

3 'Twas with our griefs MESSIAH groan'd;
'Twas with our guilt his ſoul was try'd!
Our puniſhment he took, he bore,
And ſinners liv'd when JESUS dy'd!

4 Awake each heart, ariſe each ſoul,
And join the bliſsful choirs above:
May nothing tune our future ſong,
But heav'nly wiſdom, heav'nly love!

HYMN IV.

1 SINNERS, obey the goſpel-word,
Haſte to the ſupper of your LORD;
Be wiſe to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the FATHER is to own,
And kiſs his late returning SON;
Ready the loving SAVIOUR ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the ſpirit of his love,
Juſt now the ſtony heart to move;
T' apply, and witneſs with the blood,
And waſh, and ſeal you, ſons of GOD.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt eſtate:
Tuning their harps, they long to praiſe
The wonders of redeeming grace.

5 Come then, ye ſinners, to your LORD,
To happineſs in CHRIST reſtor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
And taſte the fulneſs of his grace.

VIDE PAGE 208.

HYMN V.

1 COME, we that love the LORD,
And let our joys be known
Join in his praiſe with ſweet accord,
And thus ſurround his throne

2 The ſorrows of the mind
Be baniſh'd from this place;
Religion never was deſign'd
To make our pleaſures leſs.

3 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing,
That never knew our GOD;
But children of the heav'nly king
Should ſpeak their joys abroad.

4 [The GOD that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe,
That rides upon the ſtormy ſky,
And manages the ſeas:]

5 This awful GOD is ours,
Our FATHER and our love;
He ſhall ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6 There ſhall we ſee his face,
And never, never ſin;
There from the rivers of his grace
Drink endleſs pleaſures in.

7 Yes, and before we riſe
To that immortal ſtate,
The thoughts of ſuch amazing bliſs
Should conſtant joy create.

8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celeſtial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

9 The hill of Zion yields
A thouſand ſacred ſweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden ſtreets.

10 Then let our ſongs abound
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching thro' IMMANUEL's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN VI.

1 YE wretched, hungry, ſtarving poor,
Behold a royal Feaſt!
Where mercy ſpreads her bounteous ſtore,
For every humble Gueſt.

2 See, JESUS ſtands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come:
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But ſee, there yet is room—

3 Room in the SAVIOR's bleeding heart;
There Love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the ſoul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 In him the father reconcil'd
Invites your ſouls to come;
The rebel ſhall be call'd a Child,
And kindly welcom'd Home.

5 O come, and with his children taſte
The bleſſings of his love;
While hope attends the ſweet repaſt
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne
Ten thouſand thouſand ſouls rejoice,
In Exſtaſies unknown.

7 And yet ten thouſand thouſand more,
Are welcome ſtill to come:
Ye longing ſouls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

VIDE PAGE 43, 187, 195.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN I.

1 HOLY GHOST! inſpire our praiſes
Shed abroad a SAVIOUR's love,

While

While we chaunt the name of JESUS
Deign on ev'ry heart to move,
Source of ſweeteſt conſolation!
Breath thy peace, on all below,
Bleſs O bleſs this congregation,
Bid our hearts with influence glow.

2 Come with heav'nly inſpiration
JESUS in our ſouls reveal;
Manifeſt this great ſalvation
As thy own—our ſpirits ſeal.
Light divine on darkneſs ſhining
Deign the light of truth to give,
Every grace and joy combining
May we to thy glory live.—

3 Hail ye ſpirits bright and glorious
High exalted round the throne!
Now with you, we join in chorus,
And your LORD we call our own.
GOD to *us* his SON hath given:
Saints your nobleſt anthems raiſe!
All in earth, and all in heav'n
Shout the *great* JEHOVAH's praiſe!

HYMN II.

1 IN JESUS's name, and fellowſhip ſweet,
His love to proclaim, together we meet:
O may our thankſgivings like incenſe ariſe,
Thro' JESUS a living, and pure ſacrifice!

2 Whilſt angels abound in praiſe to the SON,
The heavens reſound with what he hath done;
Their voices we'll echo, and liſp out his name,
Exulting in JESUS, FOR EVER THE SAME.

3 How vaſt was that love, which pitied our ſtate,
And ſent from above a SAVIOUR ſo great!
The FATHER's rich treaſure, O may we receive,
'Tis love without meaſure to all who believe.

4 In JESUS's face the Godhead appears,
With fulneſs of grace to baniſh our fears;
Redemption is finiſhed; the work he hath done;
Let all the creation ſhout praiſe to the SON.

5 LORD, what ſhall we give for mercy ſo great?
Devoted we'll live, thy praiſe to repeat,
With ſoul and with body, we'll honor thy name.
And ſhout hallelujah to GOD and the LAMB.

HYMN III.

1 COME, thou almighty king,
Help us thy name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe;
FATHER all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 JESUS, our LORD, ariſe;
Scatter our enemies,

And

And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our ſure defence be made,
Our ſouls on thee be ſtay'd——
LORD, hear our call!

3 Come, thou incarnate WORD,
Gird on thy mighty ſword,
Our pray'r attend:
Come, and thy people bleſs,
And give thy word ſucceſs;
Spirit of holineſs,
On us deſcend.

4 Come, holy COMFORTER,
Thy ſacred witneſs bear
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art.
Now rule in ev'ry heart;
And ne'er from us depart,
SPIRIT of pow'r!

5 To the great ONE in THREE
Eternal praiſes be,
Hence, evermore:
His triune majeſty
May we in glory ſee,
And, to eternity,
Love and adore!

HYMN IV.

1 NOW may the ſpirit's holy fire,
Deſcending from above,

His

His waiting family inſpire
With joy, and peace, and love!

2 Thee we the COMFORTER confeſs:
Unleſs thou'rt preſent here,
Our ſongs of praiſe are vain addreſs,
And lifeleſs is our pray'r.

3 'Wake, heav'nly wind, ariſe, and come,
Blow on the drooping field!
Our ſpices then ſhall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incenſe yield.

4 Touch with a living coal the lip
That ſhall proclaim thy word;
And bid each awful hearer keep
Attention to the LORD.

5 To ev'ry hungry ſoul diſpenſe
From thy exhauſtleſs ſtore;
And let no one go empty hence,
But feed, and pray for more.

6 Bid the convincing north-wind wake;
Say to the ſouth-wind, blow;
Bid ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,
And all the garden grow.

7 Revive the parch'd, with heav'nly ſhow'rs;
The cold, with warmth divine:
And, as the benefit is ours,
Be all the glory thine!

HYMN V.

1 JESU, we thy promiſe claim,
We are met in thy dear name,
In the midſt do thou appear
Manifeſt thy preſence here;

Sanctify us, LORD, and bleſs,
Breathe thy ſpirit; give thy peace.
Grant us, LORD, thyſelf to know,
Give a taſte of heav'n below.

3 *Faith* with *Love*, and joy increaſe,
Temperance and gentleneſs;
Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful and kind.

4 Make the fruits of grace abound;
May thy SPIRIT's voice reſound.
Conquer ſinners, comfort ſaints;
Bring relief for all our wants!

5 While we in thy houſe appear!
Let us feel thy preſence near:
Thus let all our ſabbaths prove,
'Till we join the church above.

HYMN VI.

1 LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow:
O! do not our ſuit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek thee, LORD, in vain?

2 LORD, on thee our ſouls depend,
In compaſſion now deſcend:
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to ſing thy praiſe.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we ſeek thee, here we ſtay;
LORD, we know not how to go,
'Till a bleſſing thou beſtow.

4 Send ſome meſſage from thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy ſpirit now impart
Full ſalvation to each heart.

5 Comfort thoſe who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Thoſe that are caſt down, lift up;
Make them ſtrong in faith and hope!

6 Grant that all may ſeek, and find
Thee a gracious GOD and kind;
Heal the ſick, the captive free:
Let us all rejoice in thee!

HYMN V.

The Peace of GOD.

1 PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to every ſoul therein,
Peace, the fore-taſte of ſalvation,
Peace, the fruit of cancel'd ſin!

Peace,

Peace, that ſpeaks it's heav'nly giver,
Peace to ſenſual minds unknown,
Peace divine, that laſts for ever,
Here erect its glorious throne!

2 Prince of peace, if thou art near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home;
By thy ſwift appearing cheer us,
Quickly let thy kingdom come:
Anſwer all our expectation,
Give our raptur'd ſouls to prove
Glorious, uttermoſt ſalvation,
Heav'nly, everlaſting love.

HYMN VI.

1 WITH heart and lips unfeign'd,
We praiſe thee for thy word;
We bleſs thee for the joyful news
Of our redeeming LORD.

2 Like as the kindly rain
Returns not back to heav'n,
But chears, and fruitful makes the earth,
The end for which 'twas giv'n:

3 So let thy preſent voice
Accompliſh thy deſign;
Diſtil on all our thirſty ſouls,
And conſecrate us thine.

4 Water thy ſacred ſeed,
And give it great increaſe;
Let neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Hinder the fruits of peace.

5 Then

5 Then tho' we weeping ſow,
And tears our hours employ;
We know we ſhall return again,
And bring our ſheaves with joy.

6 Our lives now hid with CHRIST,
With him ſhall ſoon appear;
And we array'd in all his light,
Shall meet him in the air.

HYMN VII.

1 THY preſence, gracious GOD, afford
Prepare us to receive thy word:
Now let thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixt with what we hear:
Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting ſervants bleſs,
And crown thy goſpel with ſucceſs.

2 Diſtracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And ſatisfy'd with living bread:
Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting ſervants bleſs,
And crown thy goſpel with ſucceſs.

3 To us thy ſacred word apply,
With ſovereign power, and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear:
Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting ſervants bleſs,
And crown thy goſpel with ſucceſs.

Thy

4 FATHER, in us thy SON reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy ſaving power and love diſplay;
And guide us to the realms of day:
Chor. Thus, LORD, thy waiting ſervants bleſs,
And crown thy goſpel with ſucceſs.

HYMN X.

1 WHILE ſaints above in perfect ſtrains
Their loud hoſannas raiſe,
We join the chorus to the LAMB,
And chaunt his ſacred praiſe.

2 The bliſsful theme with joy repeat,
Proclaim his wond'rous love,
Ye ſaints, who militate below,
And who adore above.

3 Ye heav'nly choir who round the throne
In humble homage bow,
We truſt thro' grace e'er long to join,
Our higheſt notes with you.

4 Worthy art thou enthron'd on high,
All homage to receive,
More than our pow'r can e'er return,
Or thought can e'er conceive.

5 Accept our praiſe 'till we adore,
With all thy hoſts above;
Join the grand chorus round thy throne,
And ſhout that GOD IS LOVE.

HYMN XI.

1 YE ſervants of God
Your maſter proclaim,
And publiſh abroad
His wonderful name:
The name all-victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to ſave,
And ſtill he is nigh,
His preſence we have.
The great congregation
His triumph ſhall ſing,
Aſcribing ſalvation
To Jesus our king.

3 Salvation to God,
Who ſits on the throne:
Let all cry aloud,
And honour the Son.
Our Jesus's praiſes
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worſhip the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All glory and pow'r
And wiſdom and might;

All honour and bleſſing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceaſing,
And infinite love.

HYMN XII.

1 COME, thou ſoul-transforming Spirit,
Bleſs the ſower and the ſeed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raiſe the weak, the hungry feed,
From the goſpel,
Now ſupply thy people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the bleſſing!
Which thy words deſign'd to give:
Let us all thy love poſſeſſing,
Joyfully the truth receive:
And for ever,
To thy praiſe and glory live.

PART II.

1 THANKS we give, and adoration,
For thy goſpel's joyful ſound:
May the fruits of thy ſalvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May thy preſence
With us, evermore, be found!

2 So, whene'r the ſignal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the ſummons to obey,

May we ever
Reign with CHRIST in endleſs day.

HYMN XIII.

1 WHERE two or three, with ſweet accord,
Obedient to their ſovereign LORD,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer ſolemn prayer and praiſe;

2 "There," ſays the SAVIOR, "will I be,
"Amid this little company;
"To them unveil my ſmiling face,
"And ſhed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, O LORD,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now ſend thy SPIRIT from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

HYMN XIV.

Longing for the ſpread of the Goſpel.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkneſs,
Look, my ſoul, be ſtill, and gaze.
All the promiſes do travail
With a glorious day of grace:
Bleſſed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negroe,
Let the wild barbarian ſee

That

That divine and glorious conqueſt,
Once obtain'd on calvary;
Let the goſpel
Loud reſound from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide that ſit in darkneſs,
Grant them, LORD, the glorious light,
And from eaſtern coaſt to weſtern,
May the morning chaſe the night,
And redemption
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 Fly abroad, thou mighty goſpel,
Win and conquer, never ceaſe;
May thy laſting wide dominions
Multiply, and ſtill increaſe;
Sway thy ſceptre,
SAVIOUR, all the world around.

5 Lo! behold the day approaching,
Day of JESU's deathleſs fame!
When the fulneſs of the gentiles
Shall exult to own his name.
Reign for ever
KING of KINGS and LORD of LORDS.

HYMN XV.

1 GLORY to GOD on high
The GOD of love and pow'r,
Who made both earth and ſky,
Let all his works adore
Praiſe to th' eternal GOD be giv'n,
By all in earth and all in heav'n.

2 Hail all ſufficient LAMB,
God bleſs'd for evermore;
We glory in thy name,
Thy fulneſs, love and pow'r.
Worthy art thou who once waſt ſlain,
Thro' endleſs years to live and reign.

3 O HOLY GHOST to thee,
To thee our hearts we raiſe;
Accept our humble lay,
And deign t' inſpire our praiſe.
THEE TRIUNE GOD we truſt to adore,
When heav'n and earth are known no more.

VIDE PSALM 27, 48, 63, 65, 67, 84, 95, 100, 116, 132.

HYMN XVI.

Hebrews, xiii. 20. 24.

1 NOW may he, who from the dead,
Brought the ſhepherd of the ſheep,
JESUS CHRIST, our king and head,
All our ſouls in ſafety keep!

2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleaſing in his ſight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preſerve us day and night!

3 To that dear REDEEMER's praiſe,
Who the cov'nant ſeal'd with blood,

Let

Let our hearts and voices raiſe
Loud thankſgivings to our GOD.

HYMN XVII.

2 Corinthians, xiii. 14.

1 MAY the grace of CHRIST our SAVIOUR
And the FATHER's boundleſs love,
With the HOLY SPIRIT's favour,
Reſt upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union
With each other, and the LORD;
And poſſeſs, in ſweet communion
Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN XVIII.

1 ON what has now been ſown,
Thy bleſſing, LORD, beſtow;
The power is thine alone,
To make it ſpring and grow;
Do thou the gracious harveſt raiſe,
And thou, alone, ſhalt have the praiſe.

HYMN XIX.

TO thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our pow'rs:
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praiſes, LORD, and pray'rs receive,
And to thy word a bleſſing give.

2 Oh, grant that each of us
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear!
And follow thee to heav'n our home,
E'en ſo, Amen, LORD JESUS, come.

HYMN XX.

1 THE FATHER we adore,
And everlaſting SON,
The SPIRIT of his love and pow'r,
The glorious THREE in ONE.

2 At the creation's birth
This ſong was ſung on high,
Shall ſound, thro' ev'ry age, on earth,
And thro' eternity.

HYMN XXI.

1 PRAISE GOD from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all creatures here below;
Praiſe him above ye heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

HYMN XXII.

1 TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
One GOD whom we adore;
Be glory as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

HYMY

HYMN XXIII.

1 SING we to our GOD above,
Praiſe, eternal as his love;
Praiſe him all ye heav'nly hoſt,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

HYMN XXIV.

1 SOME ſweet ſavour,
Of thy favour;
Shed abroad in ev'ry heart,
Heav'n-ward as to thee we go,
Leaving earthly cares below;
Bleſſing, praiſing, without ceaſing,
Bid us LORD depart.

HYMN XXV.

The Peace of GOD *ſhall keep*, &c.

Phil. iv. 7.

1 THE peace which GOD alone reveals,
And his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct and keep, and chear our hearts:

2 O may the holy THREE in ONE,
The FATHER, WORD, and COMFORTER,
Pour an abundant bleſſing down
On every ſoul aſſembled here!

APPENDIX.

HYMN

Omitted under the head of Affliction.

1 O Lord, my beſt deſire fulfil,
And help me to reſign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleaſure mine.

2 Why ſhould I ſhrink at thy command,
Whoſe love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What moſt I prize to thee;
Who never haſt a good with-held,
Or wilt with-hold from me.

Thy favour, all my journey thro'
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What elſe I want, or think I do,
'Tis better ſtill to want.

5 Wiſdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I reſiſt them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And cruſh'd before the moth!

6 But ah! my inward ſpirit cries,
Still bind me to thy ſway;
Elſe the next cloud that vails my ſkies,
Drives all theſe thoughts away.

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